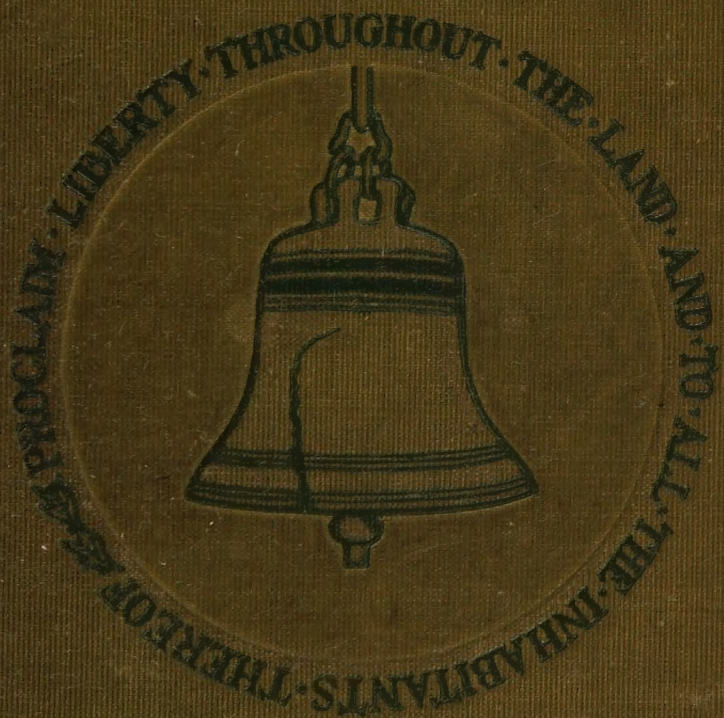
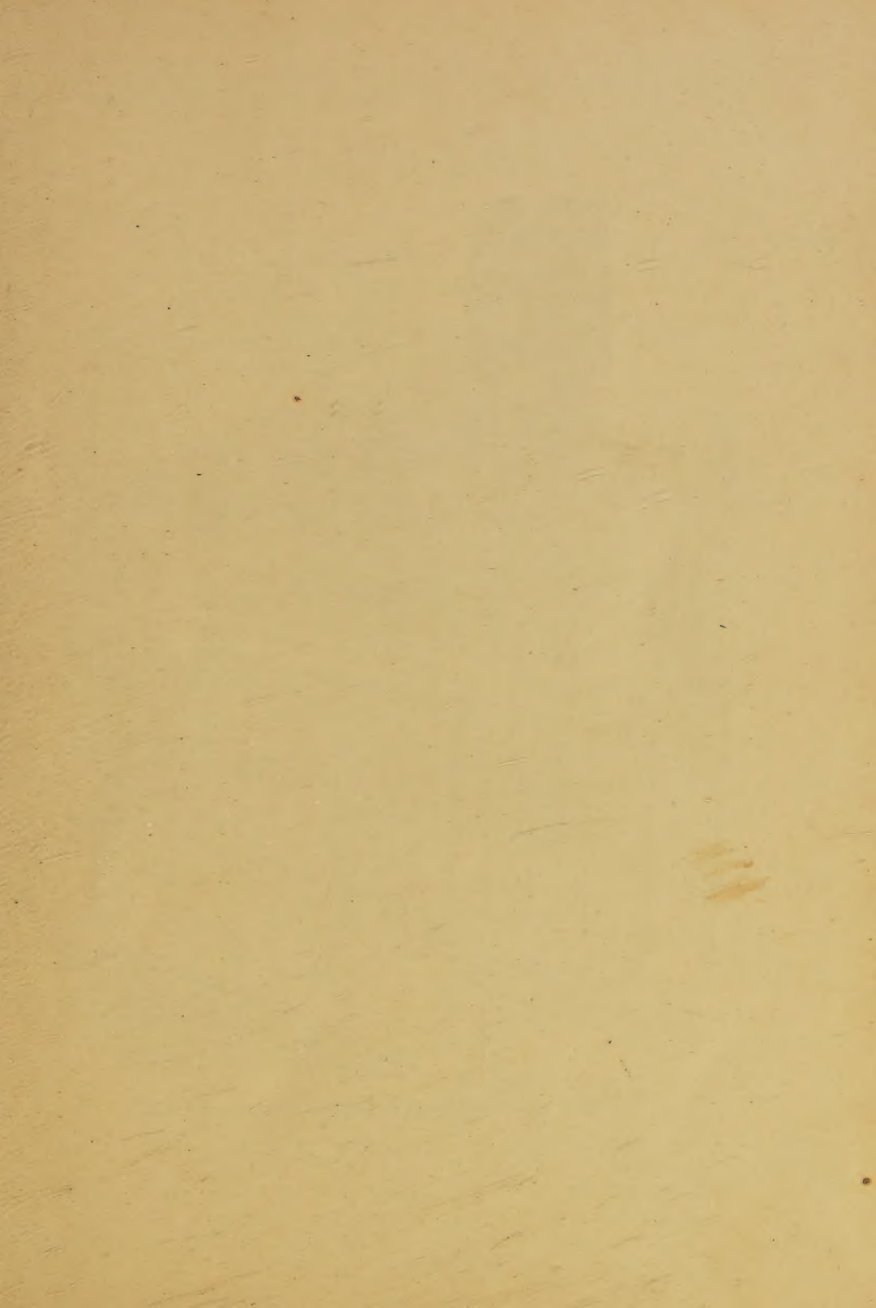
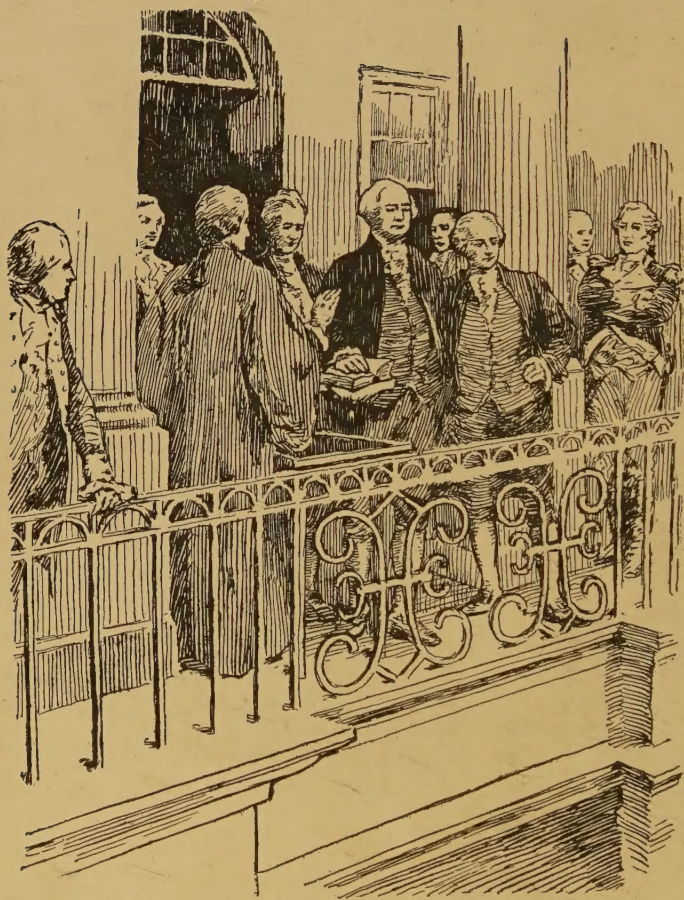


THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY



BY
ELSON AND MACMULLAN





President-elect Washington taking the oath of office

THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY

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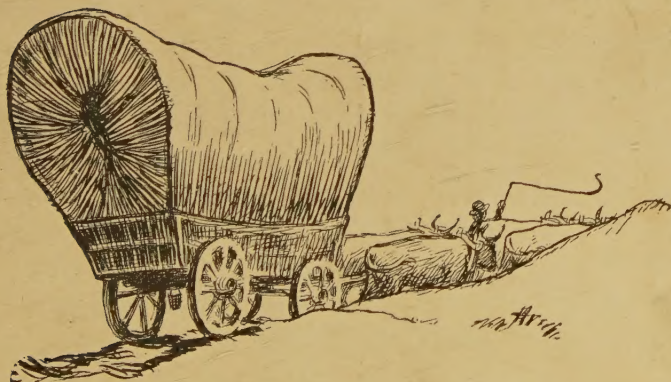
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BOOK II



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PREFACE

IN this book the history of the nation is taken up at the point where Washington assumes the presidency. With the preceding book of the series as a background, this volume relates the story of our country from its beginning as a nation, under a written Constitution. The idea is dominant throughout that the narrative shall be made interesting to children; that they shall gladly keep pace with the procession of events, clearly understanding, as they read, the way in which one episode gives cause for the next, leading step by step toward the climax of the present day.

In a notable report by a group of expert teachers, certain recommendations have been made for the proper treatment of American history in our elementary schools. *THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY* follows that recommendation, book by book, and the most accurate description of the purposes and method of this particular volume can be found in successive phrases of that report.

The work is in story form.

It gives material for the teacher to develop.

Only typical events receive emphasis.

The topics are selected with reference to the graphic, suggestive, or stimulating quality of the material they embody.

There is reference to other illuminating material.

Thought-provoking questions are introduced, for there is value in making comparisons of likenesses and differences between men, manners, and institutions of various times and places.

Certain problems are presented which will test the pupil's reasoning power.

Poetry and fiction are brought into requisition.

There is no good reason why presidential administrations should have any influence on the grouping of events.

Special emphasis is given to personal force; by emphasizing the service of distinguished men as they are identified with great social, industrial, and political movements, the pupil will get at the true meaning of history.

Children are taught to respect the historical background that has made public holidays possible.

In history, the moral element is of surpassing importance.

The past should be associated with the present.

In addition to these points relating to the text, special care has been exercised in the choice of illustrations. Each has direct bearing on the story; many of them reproduce famous paintings and statues, and all are clear drawings in line.

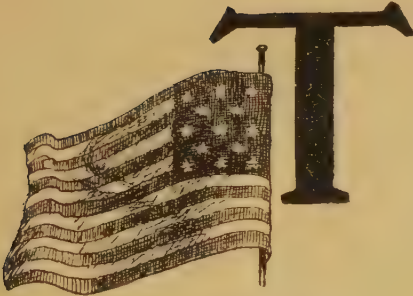
CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
CHAPTER I. — THE NEW UNION.	1
The Father of Our Country (2). — Our Country's Constitution (5). — Our Country's Choice (9). — Our First President (11). — The Cotton Gin (15).	
CHAPTER II. — THE SECOND AND THIRD PRESIDENTS	19
John Adams (19). — The New Capitol (21). — Thomas Jefferson (22). — Purchase of Louisiana (26). — Two Explorers (27). — Hamilton and Burr (31). — The Barbary Pirates (36). — Robert Fulton and the Steamboat (41).	
CHAPTER III. — OUR SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND	47
The Impressment of Our Seamen (47). — The Embargo (49). — James Madison (50). — Governor Harrison and the Battle of Tippecanoe (51). — A Defeat and a Victory (55). — "Don't Give Up the Ship" (59). — A Victory on the Lakes (60). — Dolly Madison and the Burning of Washington (64). — The Bombardment of Fort McHenry and "The Star-Spangled Banner" (66). — General Jackson and the Creek Indians (69). — The Battle of New Orleans and the Close of the War (72).	
CHAPTER IV. — OUR COUNTRY'S PROGRESS	76
The Old National Road (78). — Henry Clay (80). — Our Country's Guest (84). — Daniel Webster (89). — Governor Clinton's "Big Ditch" (94). — The First Railway (98).	
CHAPTER V. — THE TIMES OF JACKSON AND VAN BUREN . .	103
President Jackson (103). — Indian Wars (109). — Hard Times (112). — Samuel Morse and the Telegraph (116).	
CHAPTER VI. — OUR COUNTRY'S GROWTH.	123
"The Lone Star State" and David Crockett (124). — Oregon and Dr. Whitman (128). — The Mexican War and General Taylor (132). — California, the "Golden State" (137). — Our Country's First Great Writers (142).	

	PAGE
CHAPTER VII. — BEFORE THE WAR	149
Three Presidents (149). — Cyrus Field and the Atlantic Cable (153). — The Question of Slavery (160). — Kansas and John Brown (165). — John G. Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe (170). — Abraham Lincoln becomes President (175).	
CHAPTER VIII. — THE CIVIL WAR	182
The War for the Union (183). — President Lincoln (190). — Jefferson Davis (195). — Alexander H. Stephens (199).	
CHAPTER IX. — THE GREAT GENERALS OF THE WAR	202
The Blockade and David G. Farragut (203). — Stonewall Jackson (206). — The Battle of Gettysburg and General Lee (209). — Vicksburg and General Grant (214). — Marching through Georgia (219). — Sheridan's Ride (224). — The Close of the War (227).	
CHAPTER X. — THE RESTORATION OF PEACE	230
A Quarrel between President and Congress (230). — Troubles in the South (234). — Grant and Greeley in a Race (240).	
CHAPTER XI. — NEW TERRITORIES AND INDUSTRIES.	245
Moving to the West (245). — James A. Garfield (247). — Grover Cleveland (250). — New Territory (254). — The War with Spain (258). — Inventions, Industries and Expositions (262).	
SUGGESTIVE TOPICS FOR COMPOSITION AND DISCUSSION.	273

CHAPTER I

THE NEW UNION



The flag of thirteen stars

THE thirteen colonies were united in their struggle to free themselves from King George III. They knew that only by working together could they accomplish their object.

But the war was over now, and the states were jealous of one another. They quarreled. "The large states will have more power, they will make us obey them," said the people of the small states. While they were disputing, the large state Virginia said, "Let us call a meeting and see what can be done."

The convention met at Annapolis, Maryland, in September, 1786, but only a few states sent men to this meeting. These delegates said, "We will call another convention." They called one, and this second meeting was at Philadelphia in the following spring. Virginia was again the first to send delegates. New Jersey and Pennsylvania soon responded. At

last twelve states were represented. Only one refused, and that was little Rhode Island.

There were noted men at that meeting — Benjamin Franklin was there, now an old man, eighty-one years

of age. And the convention chose as its chairman the most famous man in America, George Washington.

✓ THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY

You remember George Washington as a boy, when he desired to go to sea, but remained at home to please his mother; later he carried a letter through the wild forest of Pennsylvania, and still later he

The State House at Annapolis, where the first convention of the free colonies met

was commander of the armies of the Revolution.

Now that the long war was over, Washington looked forward to spending the remainder of his life at Mount Vernon, his home on the Potomac River. He longed for quiet and the outdoor life of his farm.



He had given a fond farewell to his officers, and now there was but one more act — to present himself before Congress at Annapolis and surrender into their hands the trust committed to him. "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action," he said, "and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life." It was a solemn meeting; those who were present were moved to tears. They were, indeed, grateful to the commander who had led them so long in their fight for liberty.

Washington reached Mount Vernon in time to enjoy the Christmas season at home. Busy days followed on the plantation; there was much to repair, for the owner had been away a long time. He was now a private citizen, and he enjoyed his home life.

Lafayette sent him a pack of beautiful French wolf-hounds; but Washington could not manage them, and we are told that after that he never took up again the following of the hounds. He liked outdoor life and was fond of the saddle. The greater part of the day was spent riding about his plantation. In the evening he wrote letters and read. He enjoyed reading, especially history.

Many visitors came to Mount Vernon, not only Americans, but foreigners, and Washington always welcomed them graciously. Among them was Lafayette, who there bade him farewell. Nothing was finer in Washington's life at this time than his devotion to

his mother, who was now very old. He was never too busy to journey to Fredericksburg to visit her.

While he was enjoying his plantation life, he was thinking also of his country. He felt that it needed a stronger government. He sent letters to the governors



Lafayette visiting Washington at Mount Vernon

of the different states urging them to work toward this end.

Is it strange that Virginia should select Washington to head her delegates at Philadelphia?

But Washington did not care to go; he had served his country, and he enjoyed private life. Again we see him making a sacrifice. The country needed him, and he was among the first to arrive at the convention at Philadelphia.

It has been well said that God did not give Washington any children so that his country might call him Father.

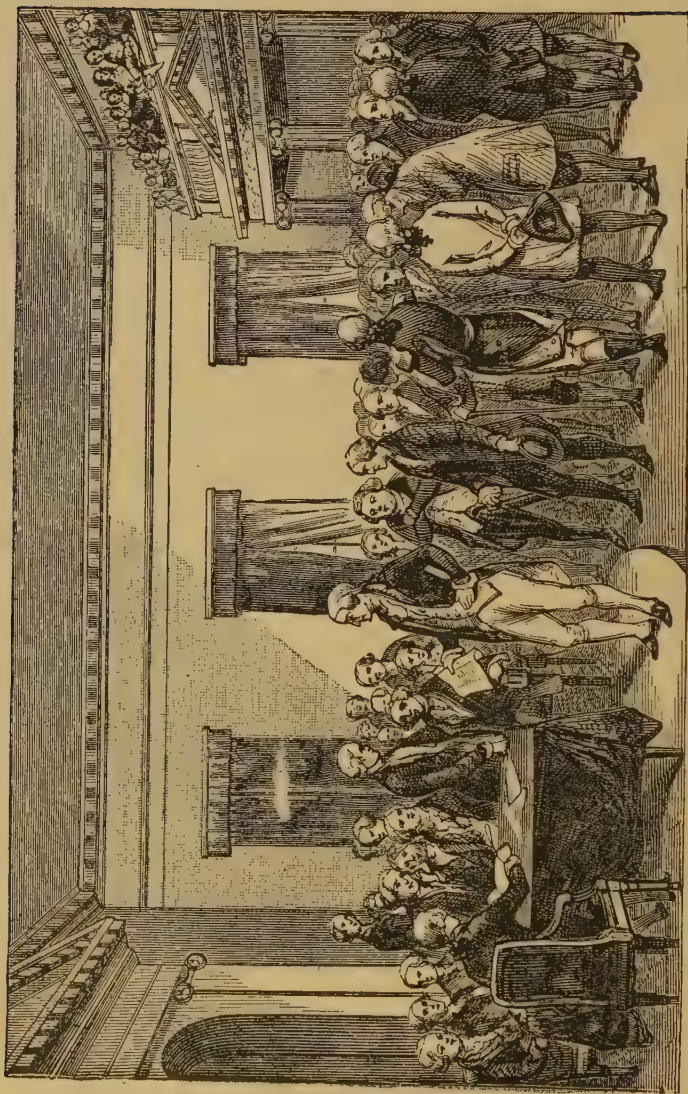
OUR COUNTRY'S CONSTITUTION

The convention at Philadelphia continued for four months. The meetings were behind closed doors. We can imagine that Washington's duties as presiding officer were not easy; for there were representatives there from small states and large states. Each side watched the other so that it should not get more than its share.

Heretofore Congress could make laws, but it had not the power to force the states or the people to obey them.

The convention at Philadelphia at last decided that there should be a Congress to make laws, and also that there should be a President with power to oblige people to obey. Then one of the delegates said, "What will happen if the laws are not understood? If one state gives a law a different meaning from what another state does, who will determine the meaning?" "We must have a court of judges — a Supreme Court, to interpret the laws and show what they mean," was the answer.

There was more trouble for this convention. "We should have more representatives in Congress than the small states," said the large states; "we should be represented according to our population." The small states objected to this, "We should have equal representation, as we have had before, no matter what



From the painting in the Capitol at Washington
Signing the Constitution

our population is." The debates between the large and the small states were sharp, neither one was willing to yield, and it seemed as if Washington would have to dismiss the convention.

But the delegates from the state of Connecticut came to the rescue. Congress was to have two law-making bodies — a Senate and a House of Representatives. "In the House we should have representatives according to our population," said the Connecticut delegates, "but to the Senate each state should send two representatives." This satisfied both the large and the small states and so it was decided.

There were other matters to decide, as, how to elect a President, and for how long a term. Many thought Congress ought to elect the President, and that he should be elected for seven years. Others objected. "A term of seven years is too long," they said. Finally a term of four years was agreed upon, and the President was to be elected by men called electors chosen by the states. Each state was to have as many electors as it had representatives in Congress, counting both houses.

As Washington stood by the table, ready to sign the Constitution which the convention had adopted, he said, "Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is the next will be drawn in blood." Washington signed first, and was followed by the other members.

The work of the convention was completed, but there was something more to be done before the Con-

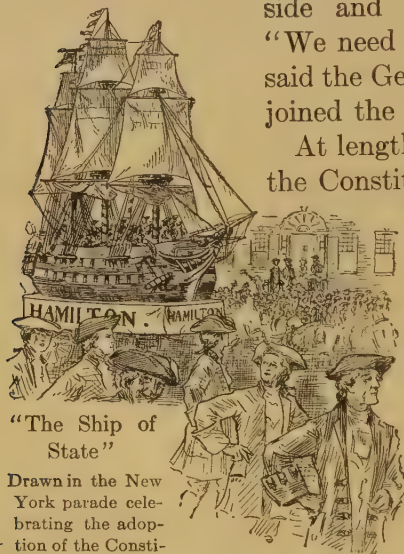
stitution could go into effect — the states must adopt it. Would they accept it? What state do you think was the first to adopt it? Little Delaware. Pennsylvania came next, then New Jersey, and Georgia came fourth. Georgia was glad enough to belong to a stronger Government. There were Indians on one

side and Spaniards on another.

"We need a better Government," said the Georgians, and they gladly joined the new Union.

At length eleven states accepted the Constitution. North Carolina

and Rhode Island did not adopt it until some time after the first President had been inaugurated. Without Washington's persuasion Virginia probably would not have accepted it. "I most firmly believe," he said, "that it is the



"The Ship of State"

Drawn in the New York parade celebrating the adoption of the Constitution

best constitution that can be obtained at this time." He wrote letters to friends in the different states urging them to adopt it.

Without Washington's influence probably the Constitution would not have been accepted, and the work of the convention would have been lost. But after its adoption the citizens accepted it loyally, and celebrations occurred throughout the union.

OUR COUNTRY'S CHOICE

Washington had done his work at the convention; he now retired to Mount Vernon again. But again the country called him. "Who shall be our first President?" The answer came from the people—George Washington; he was the "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Congress, then assembled in the city of New York, sent a messenger to Mount Vernon telling Washington of his election. He was reluctant to leave his home; he preferred private life, and, too, he doubted whether he was able to fill the office.

On the day that he started for New York, to be inaugurated into office, he wrote in his diary, "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life; and with a mind anxious, set out for New York, with the best disposition to render service to my country, in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

As Washington journeyed to New York, he was greeted on all sides by the cheers of the people. At



Redrawn from the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

George Washington

Alexandria, a few miles from Mount Vernon, he was given a reception. Deeply moved he said, "From an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell." When he reached Baltimore cannons roared a welcome and a cavalcade of citizens greeted him. At Chester he was met by a troop of cavalry who escorted him beneath triumphal arches into Philadelphia.

The day was bright and sunny as he entered Trenton. No doubt he thought of the famous victory he had won at Trenton twelve years before. Now he enjoyed a far happier victory. The people had erected an arch of triumph, and young girls strewed flowers in his path, singing songs of gratitude. That same arch, which was made of wood, is still kept at Trenton as a priceless relic.

At Elizabeth Point the committee of Congress met him. He there went on board a barge manned by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, and then he was rowed to the city of New York. The ships in the harbor were covered with flags and salutes were fired in his honor.

It was April the 23d when he entered the city. Here he was met by the governor of New York, and escorted through the streets. Flags floated over the buildings, bells were rung, and soldiers in bright uniforms could be seen along the sidewalks.

A week later, April 30th, 1789, he was inaugurated in Federal Hall (now the New York Sub-Treasury). When he appeared in the balcony, at twelve o'clock, to take the oath of office, the people cheered and

cheered. Washington bowed in silence. Chancellor Livingston then pronounced the oath of office. Washington replied, "I swear — so help me God." He then bowed and kissed the Bible. Livingston stepped forward, and, with his hand raised, cried, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." Then the people broke forth with cheer after cheer. Bells were rung and guns were fired. Washington then withdrew to the hall where he read his address



An early United States penny

to Congress. The following day he began his duties, and the story of our Government was begun.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

Washington chose four able men to help him to govern — Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, and Randolph, and they formed what is now called the President's Cabinet. He also selected the judges of the Supreme Court, and he sent men to represent us in the principal countries in Europe.

Congress had much to do in these first years, for our country owed many debts brought on by the war. "We shall never be able to pay all the money we owe,"

declared some of the members. "We must pay every penny," said others, "or we shall be dishonest."

Alexander Hamilton of Washington's Cabinet did much to arrange our money affairs. Instead of our



Alexander Hamilton

using the English money, it was suggested that the dollar be the unit. The dollar was divided into hundredth parts, each part called a cent, and this coin was first used in 1793.

Hamilton also suggested that foreign goods brought into the country should be taxed. "That will make prices higher," objected some. "Yes," replied Hamilton, "but it will bring money into our treasury, and it will encourage manufacturers at home to make those things we import."

There were a few who criticized Washington. They said he was proud because at Mrs. Washington's receptions he did not shake hands with anyone; but he stood, dressed in black velvet, with one hand on the hilt of his sword, and the other behind his back. In the street he appeared in a fine coach drawn by six white horses, with footmen in bright uniforms.

But Washington was not proud; he believed that as President he should show the dignity of his office. To the old soldiers and to his servants in his home at Mount Vernon he extended his hand. We are told that on a tour through New England, in 1787, he met an old servant whom he had not seen for thirty years. Washington recognized him and welcomed him affectionately.

On this tour he entered a little town in New England. The minister of the town approached him with his hat in his hand. Washington said, "Put on your hat, Parson, and I will shake hands with you." "I cannot wear my hat in your presence, General," was the reply, "when I think of what you have done for this country." "You did as much as I," said Washington. "No, no," objected the minister. "Yes," answered Washington, "you did what you could, and I have done no more."

Four years passed, and Washington had served his first term. He longed to return to his plantation on the Potomac; but the people said, "Our country needs you for another term." Washington felt that it was his duty to yield, for there was much for him to do. Whatever he undertook he did thoroughly.

He served our country two terms as President, and when the people were eager to elect him a third time, he refused. He felt that he had done his work. In the fall of 1796 he published his farewell address to the people. "Be a nation," he said, "be Americans, and be true to yourselves."

On March 3d, 1797, he gave a dinner to the newly elected President. At the close of this banquet Washington raised his glass and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." And with the cheers of the people he again retired to Mount Vernon.

But only two years later, on December 14th, 1799, the whole country was thrown into deep sorrow at

the news that its first President was dead. On December 12th Washington had mounted his horse to go about his plantation as usual. Although there was a cold rain falling, he remained out for two hours. When he returned his secretary asked him whether his clothes were wet. "No," said Washington, "my coat has kept me dry." He sat down to dinner without changing his clothes. The next day he complained of a sore throat. In the night he had a severe chill; he awoke Mrs. Washington, but he would not allow her to get up lest she should take cold. At daybreak his secretary was summoned. During the day, when his secretary tried to raise him to make his position easier, Washington said, "I fear I fatigue you too much." He was always thoughtful of others. He told his servant, who had been standing all day in attendance, to sit down.

To his doctor he said, "I die hard but I am not afraid to go." A few minutes later he whispered, "It is well," and he who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen" had breathed his last. He was buried at Mount Vernon as he had wished, and to-day thousands of people



The tomb of Washington

visit his tomb. As the Government vessels going up and down the Potomac pass beautiful Mount Vernon,

the sailors form in line, and with their right hands raised to their caps they give the salute, honoring the Father of our Country.

THE COTTON GIN

Now we shall leave the government to take care of itself for a little while and give our attention to another subject.

At the time of the Battle of Lexington, there was a boy ten years old in New England, who was destined to win fame by doing a great service for his country. He was never a soldier or a statesman, but he is remembered as one of the builders of America. His name was Eli Whitney.



Eli Whitney

When very young, Whitney was fond of making water-wheels and windmills in his father's workshop; and we are told that once, while the other members of the family were at church, he took his father's watch apart and put it together again. He made a fiddle, and the neighbors enjoyed his playing on it, but his father shook his head and said, "I fear Eli will never get on much in the world."

In those days nails were made by hand, and young Eli pounded them out of a long, slender bar of red-hot iron. There was a market for them during the

war, and he could sell all he could make. He earned money by making nails and doing other odd jobs with his tools, and he found good use for his money. He went to Yale College.

When he was graduated he was asked to teach in a planter's family in the South. On his way there, on board the ship he met the widow of General Greene, one of the brave commanders of the Revolution. Mrs. Greene was returning to her plantation in Georgia. When Whitney reached Savannah, he found that the position promised him was filled by



Cotton growing in the fields

another. What should he do? The kind Mrs. Greene invited him to her home. He made himself useful there; one day, hearing her complain about her embroidery frame, he set to work and made her a new one.

In those days very little cotton was raised in the South. The raw cottonpod has many little seeds imbedded in it; and before the cotton can be spun

into thread and woven into cloth these seeds must be picked out. It was very tedious work.

Whitney had not been many days at Mrs. Greene's house when several cotton planters called. They began to talk about cotton raising. "If a man could invent a machine for stripping off the cottonseeds," said one, "he would make his fortune." "Yes," said another, "we Georgians would soon become rich." "If you want a machine to do it," replied Mrs. Greene, "I know one who can invent a machine — Mr. Whitney. He can make anything."

Whitney had never seen a cotton-plant; and it was not the season to see it grow in the fields. "What shall I do?" he questioned, "I will go to Savannah and see whether I can get some cotton with seeds left in it." He was successful. He then shut himself up in an old building and worked patiently, for he had to make his own tools.

He first fastened upright pieces of wire in a board, and then he pulled the cotton through the wires, forcing it from the seed. "I will make a wheel," he said, "and cover it with steel hooks, they can pull the cotton through the wires faster than hands." Again he was successful, and he gave to the planters the first cotton gin. (The word "gin" is derived from engine.)

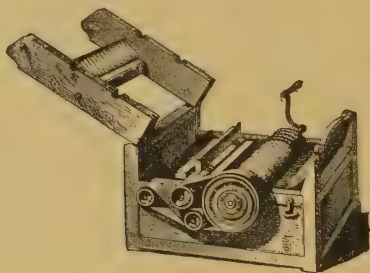
It enabled one man to do as much work as three hundred could do by hand.

A queer-looking machine is the cotton gin; but it has done a wonderful thing for the South. It has made one of the greatest industries in

America. But the use of this little machine had one evil effect. It made cotton-growing so extensive and so profitable that more negroes were needed to raise it, and the South came to want more and more slaves.

Although the Southern planters became rich through the cotton gin, Whitney did not receive much money from this invention. Dishonest people copied it and manufactured it. He tried to stop them, but he was not successful.

Later he received a large contract from the Government to make firearms. In this he made his fortune; but his most famous invention is the cotton gin.



The cotton gin



CHAPTER II

THE SECOND AND THIRD PRESIDENTS



The royal flag of France

WASHINGTON had been President for eight years, two four-year terms, and he might have been elected again

if he had desired a third term. The people loved and trusted him. But he would not be a candidate again, and, as we

have noticed, he retired to his home at Mount Vernon. John Adams, who was Vice-President during these first eight years, was now elected President. Adams was an honest man and a true patriot. He had served his country faithfully for many years; but he never won the hearts of the people as Washington had.

JOHN ADAMS

One of the first things that engaged President Adams's attention was a little quarrel that we had with France. You remember that in the time of the Revolution France sent armies across the sea to help us, and for a long time after that the two nations were

very friendly. But an evil day came. France had a revolution too, far more violent than ours, and became involved in war with England and nearly all Europe besides. France then expected America to help her. But that was asking too much. It is true France had aided us, but she did so without any great danger to herself. If we had now gone to her aid against nearly all Europe, it might have put an end to our nation. It would have been a most unwise move, and so we refused.



John Adams
Second president

France then became angry with us and threatened war. President Adams did all he could to prevent it. He sent Charles C. Pinckney and two other men as envoys to treat with the French Government. But the French refused to treat unless we would pay a large sum of money as a kind of tribute to buy her friendship. But Pinckney answered, "Millions for defense, but

not one cent for tribute."

When the American people heard how France had treated our envoys they were fierce with anger. They began to raise an army and to build coast defenses.

Then France refused to respect our flag. She captured our vessels. "We are not afraid," said President Adams. Washington advised the people, that "to be prepared for war is one of the best means of preserving peace," and so we built warships.

If necessary the people were to fight for the honor

of our country. It was at this time that Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, composed "Hail, Columbia, happy land," which was adapted to the tune of the "President's March" used at Washington's inauguration. The following is one of the stanzas:

"Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore.
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail."

When France saw that we were not afraid of her and were ready to fight for our rights, she changed and became friendly again, and the two countries have continued friends ever since that time.

THE NEW CAPITOL

While John Adams was President, our country's capital was changed to the banks of the Potomac. You remember our first President was inaugurated in the city of New York, which was then the temporary capital. Later it was moved to Philadelphia, where it remained ten years.

In 1790 Congress asked Washington to select a location for the capital on the Potomac River. We are told that the site chosen by him was one to which he had been attracted when he was a surveyor. Later

this site became the seat of government, and the city was given his name.

It was not then the beautiful city that it is to-day, but a straggling country village in the woods. President Adams's house was in an open field, and this, with the unfinished Capitol and a few scattered houses along the roads, was the town. Major L'Enfant, one of the French officers who had served in the American army, laid out the new town, and to him we owe in its general plan the beautiful Washington of to-day.



Building the present Capitol

The Father of his Country laid the corner-stone of the Capitol October 13th, 1792, and lived to see the building almost completed. We are told that in company with Mrs. Washington he walked through the rooms but a few days before his death.

Adams was not so popular a President as was Washington. It was very difficult to convince him that he was ever wrong, and he almost always had some quarrel on his hands. At the close of his four years as President Thomas Jefferson was elected as his successor.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

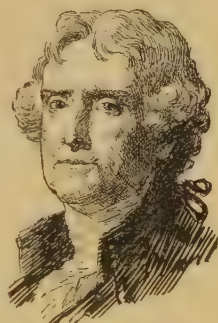
Thomas Jefferson pleased the plain people. He was one of the most learned men of his time, but he was simple and plain in his manner. On the day of his inauguration he rode on horseback to the Capitol,

hitched his horse to a picket fence, and then, taking the oath of office, gave a fifteen-minute inaugural address, and rode quietly away again.

His father was a rich planter, but he died when Thomas was only fourteen years of age. He left his son a large plantation in Virginia. On this plantation was a hill from which could be seen miles of valleys and mountain ridges. Here Jefferson built a beautiful house and called it Monticello, the Italian for "little mountain."

Young Thomas was athletic, fond of hunting and swimming. There was not a more skilful and daring horseman in that section of the country than Thomas Jefferson. He enjoyed music and was fond of his fiddle. When but a mere boy he had a desire to go to college; and when he was seventeen years of age, he entered William and Mary's College at Williamsburg, Virginia. He tells us that he studied fifteen hours a day, and for his exercise, ran at twilight a mile out of the city and back again.

He was always eager to learn. He read Greek, Latin, English literature, and law, and enjoyed his mathematics. His professor of mathematics was a good teacher; he fired the minds of his pupils with a great desire for learning. And no teacher ever received a more sincere tribute than did this old Scotch professor from the lips of Jefferson, "The presence of



Thomas Jefferson
Third president

this gentleman at the University is what probably fixed the destinies of my life."

Jefferson was called "the pen of the Revolution." He wrote well and we know him as the author of the Declaration of Independence. He suggested our national motto, "E pluribus unum" — one composed of many. He was sent by our country to represent us in France.

He had been away from his plantation for a long time, and when he returned to it, his negro slaves exclaimed, "Massa come home again, massa come home again." He was beloved by them. When they heard of his coming they walked miles to meet him, and when he stepped out of his carriage, they took him up in their arms and carried him into the house.

He was always polite to the poor. One afternoon, as he and his grandson went out for a ride, they met a poor negro who bowed to them. Jefferson returned the bow kindly, but the boy did not. "Do you allow a poor negro to be more of a gentleman than you are?" was the reproof.

Again we are told that one morning, while he was President, he rode out on horseback with some friends. They came to a stream where an old man was standing. The President's friends passed over, and then the old man asked Jefferson to take him on behind and carry him across, which he kindly did. Later the old man was questioned, "Why did you ask him and not the others who passed over first?" "I did not like to ask the others," he answered, "but this gentleman looked as if he would do it, and so I asked him." You

can imagine how he felt when he was told that the President had carried him over the stream.

One New Year's Day some of his farmer friends sent Jefferson a huge cheese weighing a thousand pounds. On it was the inscription: "The greatest cheese in America for the greatest man in America."

Jefferson enjoyed his plantation life. He took pleasure in noting the dates of the planting and the ripening of his vegetables and fruits. He was constantly introducing new varieties of plants and trees on his farm.

He served his country two terms as President, and, like Washington, he refused to serve a third term. The last years of



Monticello, the home of Jefferson

his life were spent on his plantation. We are told that visitors flocked there to see the Sage of Monticello. Curious crowds even entered the house and stood in the corridors to watch Jefferson pass from one room to another. Relatives came with their families and stayed for months. It is said that the housekeeper at times had to provide fifty beds.

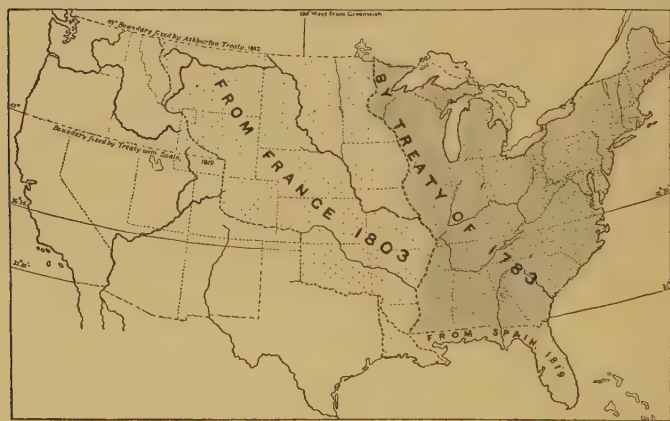
Jefferson lived to be eighty-three years old. He died on the fiftieth anniversary of our country's independence, July 4th, 1826. He expressed a desire to live until that day should dawn. Adams died on

the same day, and his last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still survives." But Jefferson had passed away a few hours before.

We shall now notice a few of the important events that took place while Jefferson was President.

PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA

When Jefferson became President, our country extended only to the Mississippi River. That vast tract



The Louisiana territory

of land between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains was owned by Spain and it was called Louisiana. It was a great wilderness with trackless forests inhabited only by the Indians and wild animals.

At the mouth of the Mississippi River was New Orleans. Jefferson thought that we ought to own it. We should then be free to take our cotton down the Mississippi and ship it to Europe.

He sent a representative to interview Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then ruler of France and who had recently obtained Louisiana from Spain. Bonaparte needed money and he offered to sell not only New Orleans but all of Louisiana. At length a bargain was made and the whole vast region was sold to the United States for fifteen million dollars, less than three cents an acre. "I have now given England a rival that will sometime humble her pride," the ruler of France laughingly said.

Jefferson and Congress accepted the offer, and the purchase was completed in 1803. This new territory greatly increased the size of our country.

"It will be a hundred years before our Government can build any town in this wild region," said Jefferson, but nevertheless he sent two explorers to see what kind of country it was.

TWO EXPLORERS

Their names were Lewis and Clark. Captain Lewis was Jefferson's private secretary. He was brave and daring and was willing to leave the quiet life of the capital for the adventures of the wilderness. The President therefore sent him and his friend, William Clark, who was a captain in the army. They had heard dreadful accounts of the wilderness — stories of mountains that no one could climb, stories of wild buffaloes and fierce bears, of Indian tribes more savage than those encountered by the early explorers. But such tales did not daunt these fearless men.

Busy days were spent in preparation — they must

take arms to meet these enemies; they must carry tents for shelter, and boats to take them up and down the streams. Yes, provisions in large quantities must be taken; and if they desired to obtain favors from the Indians, they must not forget colored beads and other trinkets. Indeed, there was much to think of.

At last they were ready — they had thirty followers and an Indian interpreter. They left the little village of St. Louis one May morning in 1804. All went well for a time — the forests were full of game and the rivers abounded with fish.



One July day they came upon three Indians in the forest dressing an elk. They belonged to the tribe of the Ottoes. "We must make friends with them," said Captain Lewis, "the Indians are good guides; then, too, we may be dependent upon them for food and horses."

Captain Meriwether Lewis They, therefore, chose a bluff on the banks of a river to hold a council with the Ottoes. The Indian braves assembled and showed their friendliness when Captain Lewis gave them blue and white beads. And to-day the flourishing city of Council Bluffs marks the spot where this friendly meeting took place a little more than a hundred years ago.

Councils were held with other tribes. There is one

thing, however, that we regret to tell. The white men offered whisky to the red men. But one tribe, the Ricaras, refused to accept it. "Why," they asked, "should we be offered drink which makes fools of us?"

The weather was becoming cold. "We cannot do much until the spring," said Captain Lewis, "we must stop and build log cabins for the winter." It was well that they had a blacksmith with them; he put up a furnace and made them comfortable when the winds blew gales around their log huts. He made knife blades and spear points which they traded with these natives for corn.

In the early spring they set out again. One beautiful May day they ascended a hill and cast their eyes westward. Far away they saw white mountain peaks. "We have had the first glimpse of the great Rocky Mountains," wrote Captain Lewis in his journal, "the object of all our hopes and the reward of all our ambitions."

They had many thrilling experiences as they approached the mountains. Captain Lewis was chased by a wounded white bear, and narrowly escaped with



Lewis and Clark at the gate of the
Rockies

his life. Later, one morning, he awoke and found that a huge rattlesnake had coiled itself around the tree beneath which he had slept, where it kept watch over him, but did him no harm. Even the little mosquitoes made their attacks. "They were so numerous," wrote Captain Clark, "that I could not keep them off my gun long enough to take sight."

Once the explorers came to the forks of a river. As Clark and his party had not yet arrived, Lewis left a letter placed on a pole directing Clark to take the stream to the left. But a beaver came along and gnawed the pole down with his teeth and carried the letter away, and when Captain Clark arrived, he took the stream to the right. They found each other, however, some time afterward.

Later they captured an Indian woman and asked her to lead them to her tribe. It was not long before they sighted sixty armed warriors coming to her rescue. When she told them that the white men meant no harm, the warriors leaped from their horses and embraced the explorers, besmearing them with paint.

Lewis and his followers crossed the Rocky Mountains and came to the Columbia River. Captain Gray, of Rhode Island, the first man to carry the Stars and Stripes around the world, had entered this river in 1792 and had named it, after his ship, the Columbia.

Late in the fall of 1805 the explorers had their first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean; they had reached the end of their westward journey. They built huts for the winter, and in the spring they thought of returning

home. They had been exploring for a year and a half. The people at home thought they were dead, and when they arrived in St. Louis one day in September, 1806, there was great rejoicing.

Congress gave each member of the party a grant of land, and Captain Lewis was made Governor of Louisiana Territory. His journal, published some time later, gave a description of the land explored — of the lofty mountains, the valleys, the rivers and waterfalls, an account of the Indian tribes they met, of the buffaloes, bears, wolves, and prairie dogs they encountered. And this is the story of the beginning of what is to-day the great West.

HAMILTON AND BURR

You remember Alexander Hamilton of Washington's Cabinet, the one who did so much to arrange our money matters in these first years? He had a bitter enemy in Aaron Burr, who was Vice-President of the United States during Jefferson's first term. Burr thought Hamilton was opposing him and finally challenged him to a duel. In those days it was considered cowardly not to accept a challenge.



The duel between Hamilton and Burr

The duel was fought one July day at Weehawken,

New Jersey, and Hamilton fell at the first fire, mortally wounded.

In the death of Hamilton our country lost one of its most brilliant men. Early in life he showed unusual talents.

He was born in the West Indies. His mother died when he was very young and Alexander was placed in a counting-room before he was twelve years of age. In the intervals of his office work he read Plutarch's "Lives of Great Men" and practised composition.

His composition attracted attention and some of his relatives said, "So much talent deserves wider opportunities than can be found in a West Indian counting-house." He accordingly was sent North, and at Elizabethtown he prepared for college.

He threw himself heart and soul into his work, and at the end of the year he entered King's College, now Columbia University. He believed that nothing was beyond his reach, and he thus became master in everything he undertook.

He was very attractive and a charming talker. His eyes were full of life. His friends loved him, they called him the "little lion," for he was much below the average height. When he was practising law, he often refused to make any charges to poor clients. And it is said that while he made our country's fortune, he never made his own.

After the death of Hamilton, Burr had many enemies. He decided to go West. Accordingly in the summer of 1806, with a few friends, he sailed down the Ohio River and stopped at an island, the home of the Blenner-

hassetts, near Parkersburg, West Virginia. They were simple-minded people. Burr made known to them his plans. They thought a great nation was to be founded in the West, Burr was to be its monarch with the title of Aaron I, and Blennerhassett was to be this new nation's representative in England.

Burr had told his secrets to others, and it was not long before the President heard of the plot. He issued a proclamation for the arrest of all persons engaged in it, although he did not mention Burr's name.

Burr led his followers to believe he was arranging an expedition



The home of the Blennerhassetts

against Mexico, which was then owned by Spain. He had falsely represented his scheme.

Now that President Jefferson had issued this proclamation, Burr's followers soon left him. He found himself almost without friends and he decided to flee across the wilderness of the Southern states and escape to a foreign land. Meeting a man, Burr induced him to change clothes with him. The stranger could not object to this because Burr's suit was a great deal better than his own.

Disguised in this way, Burr fled through the forest of Mississippi and Alabama to escape being arrested.

He had with him one man as a guide and the two were on horseback. One evening they came to a little frontier village in northern Alabama. Seeing two young men in a cabin, Burr called out, "How far is it to Colonel Hinson's?" "Seven miles farther on," was the reply. As the two rode on in the darkness, one of the men in the cabin said to the other, "I believe that is Aaron Burr. Did you notice his flashing bright eyes and his handsome figure? Let us arrest him and get the reward." "Nonsense," answered his companion, "what would Burr be doing in such a place as this?" But the other was not to be thwarted. He went for the sheriff and with him started in pursuit. A few days later this former Vice-President of the United States was under arrest. Under the escort of nine men on horseback he was taken through the dense forest to Richmond, Virginia, nearly nine hundred miles away, and there the prisoner awaited trial.

Once, while journeying northward, they stopped at a small inn, but the host did not know who his guests were. "Have you heard anything of Aaron Burr, the traitor? Is he captured?" the innkeeper asked. Burr, sitting in the corner, raised his head, and, with his blazing eyes fixed on the landlord, said, "I am Aaron Burr — what do you want with me?"

The trial took place; there was not sufficient proof to convict him, and Burr was acquitted by the jury. Although the jury freed him, he was branded by patriots as an enemy of the country.

Under an assumed name he sailed to England, but,

like Benedict Arnold, he was despised there. After being away four years he returned to America.

There was one, however, who never ceased to have faith in him — his only child, Theodosia. Her mother had died when she was very young. Later Theodosia was married to Governor Alston, of South Carolina. Her letters to her father show beautiful filial love. There was no one happier than she when he was acquitted at Richmond.



Aaron Burr

One day a letter came to Burr saying that his only grandchild, the little son of Theodosia, had died. The mother's mourning for the loss of her child caused her health to fail; and it was thought best that she should visit her father in the North.

Accordingly, one December day, she embarked in a small schooner at Charleston. Burr eagerly awaited her arrival, but alas! the vessel was lost at sea, and Theodosia was never seen nor heard of again. The proud Burr, who was never known to weaken, now exclaimed, "The world becomes to me a blank, and life loses all its interests."

But with his faults Aaron Burr had many virtues. He loved his daughter, Theodosia, and he loved little children. We are told that one time, when he was driving through the country, he saw a rude crayon drawing on the side of a barn. "There are marks of genius in that drawing," he exclaimed. Upon learning that a poor boy had made it, he sought the youth,

educated him, sent him to Europe, and Burr lived to see him become a famous artist.

THE BARBARY PIRATES

The countries of northern Africa are known as the Barbary states. A hundred years ago the inhabitants were a fierce people and lived chiefly by preying on other peoples at sea. For many years these pirates were the terror of Europe. They would seek merchant vessels and demand large sums of money. If



The harbor of Algiers

refused, they would seize the vessels and take the crews captive.

To be free from their attacks, the governments of Europe paid the haughty rulers of these Barbary states tribute. In a treaty that our country made with Algiers during Washington's term of office, we also agreed to pay them so that our merchant vessels might sail on the Mediterranean unmolested.

But President Jefferson declared, "We must put a stop to this paying of tribute. Poor Richard tells

us in his *Almanac*, 'If you make yourself a sheep, the wolves will eat you.' "

Tripoli replied, "If you do not pay us money, we will declare war." Our country waited until the war was declared. Then it sent a squadron to the Mediterranean and taught Tripoli its first lesson. A pirate ship was seized and the port of Tripoli was blockaded.

Not long after this, in the fall of 1803, our frigate *Philadelphia* commanded by Captain Bainbridge, ran upon a sunken reef near the harbor of Tripoli. Our crew worked and worked to free the vessel. They even threw off the cannon from the deck but to no avail; and our helpless frigate was an easy target for the Tripolitan pirates. Our men could do nothing, our colors had to come down, and our ship's crew were taken prisoners.

With their forces the pirates succeeded in freeing the *Philadelphia*, and our country's ship was towed into the harbor and the enemy refitted it to do pirates' work.

From the narrow window of his prison Captain Bainbridge saw what was being done. "I would rather have my ship destroyed than put into such service," he thought. What could he do — a helpless prisoner?

He did do something, however. He wrote a note with lemon juice, and in some clever way managed to send it to Commodore Preble, the commander of our fleet, who was then in one of the Mediterranean harbors. In this note Captain Bainbridge suggested a plan to destroy the *Philadelphia*. "That will be a most daring act," said the Commodore.

Nevertheless he put the plan before his young

officers. He found that every one of them was willing to endanger his life rather than to see his flag dishonored and the vessel sailing under pirates' colors. "Far better that the vessel be destroyed than that it be turned against us by the pirates," they said.

No one was more daring than the gallant young officer Stephen Decatur. He was a true patriot.

"Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right," he said; "but our country, right or wrong."



Captain Decatur

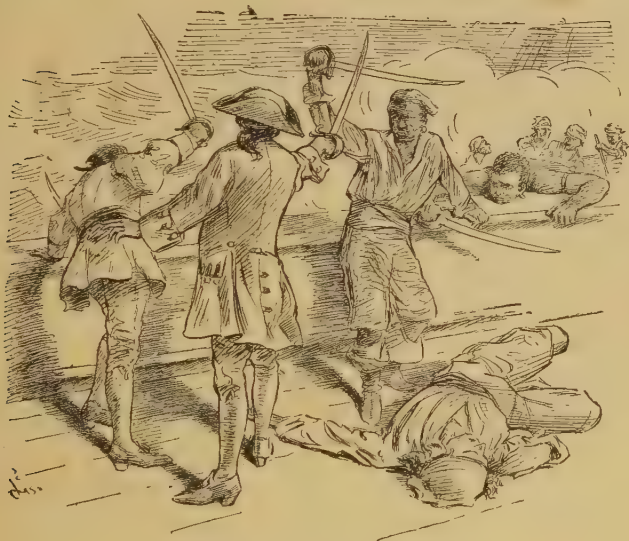
Could he and his men sail into the harbor of Tripoli and destroy the *Philadelphia* without being taken captives? They planned to deceive the enemy. They had seized a little craft belonging to some Mediterranean seamen. "The pirates will not suspect this vessel," they declared.

They called it the *Intrepid* — a good name for the ship of a dauntless crew. They loaded it with powder, and it was not long before the gallant officer and his men set sail for Tripoli. They encountered a terrible sea, and the *Intrepid* was a poor craft on stormy waters. But the hearts of the crew were brave.

More than a week had passed and they were now near the coast of Tripoli. Decatur commanded the men to hide behind the bulwarks of the ship. As they entered the harbor, only he, and the Italian pilot, and a few sailors, disguised as Mediterranean seamen, could be seen by the enemy.

Nearer and nearer they approached; they could see the pirates' gunboat. Yes, they could see our frigate, *Philadelphia*, moored along the side of the enemy's war vessel.

Stealthily but boldly they sailed into the harbor. "Ho, there!" came the cry from a Tripolitan officer.



Boarded by the Barbary pirates

"Who are you?" "We have lost our anchor in a storm," answered the Italian pilot. "May we moor our boat in your harbor?" "All right," was the response.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the *Intrepid* came up to the black hull of the frigate, Decatur gave the signal. As if by magic, seventy men sprang from

their hiding-places, behind masts and bulwarks, and rushed upon the frigate and set fire to the *Philadelphia*.

The Tripolitan officer saw his mistake. There was a fierce fight. The pirates fought desperately with their curved swords, but it was too late. Our crew had accomplished their object, and they were now rushing back to the *Intrepid*. As they sailed away, they saw the Tripolitans jump from the *Philadelphia* to escape the burning flames.

Our men had performed a desperate feat, and it was done without the loss of a single life. "It was the most bold and daring act of the age," exclaimed the great English admiral, Nelson.

Our troubles with the Barbary pirates were not yet at an end. Again the *Intrepid* set sail, but this time it was commanded by Richard Somers, Captain Decatur's friend. Stores of powder and shot were placed on board, and a dauntless crew of thirteen were ready for their work—to enter the Tripolitans' harbor and burn their ships. But before they started, their captain gave them the warning, "I will blow up this boat and all on board rather than let the powder fall into the pirates' hands."

It was evening when the *Intrepid* sailed into the harbor. The men who remained behind on another vessel eagerly watched. It was now dark. Suddenly a flash was seen, a moment later the harbor of Tripoli was one bright light and there was the sound of an awful explosion.

No one returned to tell what happened. Did the heroic captain blow up the *Intrepid* rather than to

have it fall into the enemies' hands? We do not know. But to-day, if you go to the Capitol at Washington, you will see a monument erected in his honor.

There followed other brave attacks, and these bold pirates and their haughty pashas thought it was time to make a treaty of peace with our country. "The United States, although so young, has done more in two years to put an end to piracy," declared the pope in Rome, "than all the European states together in nearly three centuries."

ROBERT FULTON AND THE STEAMBOAT

More than thirty years before there were steamboats, a little Scotch boy was sitting in his mother's kitchen, watching the lid of the tea-kettle as it moved up and down while the water was boiling within the kettle. He thought, "There must be some force in steam, or what causes the lid to rise?"



The Clermont

Who was this little boy?

James Watt, whom we know to-day as the inventor of the steam-engine. Through his engine Watt made the people see the power of steam.

In our day of great ocean steamers it is difficult for us to imagine a time when boats were propelled only by means of oars or sails, when steam was not applied to navigation.

But John Fitch said, "Why not make steam move a boat?" People laughed at this idea. Fitch, however,

was persevering. He had had a hard life. He was the son of a Connecticut farmer. Although John craved knowledge, his stern father denied him even the necessary books. His boyhood was not happy.

But he was skilful, he made buttons out of old brass kettles. Later he made an engine, and applied it to a small boat. Can you imagine his delight as the little boat moved up the stream? "I will build a larger boat and place in it a larger engine," he said.

And that is what he did. A company was formed who supplied the necessary funds. He made his engine drive oars so as to paddle the boat forward. Soon the little craft *Perseverance* was moving on the Delaware River, making regular trips from Philadelphia to Trenton. The engine, however, was weak, and the boat ran slowly. It did not pay and the company refused to take further interest in it.

Did John Fitch give up? We shall see. He appealed to Congress for assistance, but it gave him no help. He asked the aid of wealthy men, but they had no interest in his project. He went to France, thinking that he could arouse interest there, but no assistance came, and he returned to America penniless and disheartened. He could not build another steamboat, for he had no money; but he said, "When Johnny Fitch shall be forgotten, steamboats will run up the rivers and across the sea."

At this time in a little Pennsylvania town there lived a poor boy named Robert Fulton. His father had died when the boy was only three years of age. His mother sent him to school, but he did not care for

books. He would much rather make lead-pencils or rockets for Fourth of July. Then, too, he was fond of fishing. He and a companion had a flat-bottomed boat, and they would go out in the stream, pushing their little craft along with poles.

"I know a better way to make this boat go," said Robert Fulton to his companion. The days following, Robert was very busy making paddle-wheels for their boat. Soon they were completed and the happy boys were moving the little craft by turning the crank of the paddle-wheels. It was so much easier than pushing the boat along with poles.

As Robert's father was dead and his mother was poor, the son had to help to support his mother and sisters. When a child he was often found drawing pictures with the lead-pencils that he had made.

When he was seventeen years of age, he decided to go to Philadelphia and paint portraits and landscapes. He was so successful in this that at the age of twenty-one he had earned money to buy a small farm for his mother.



Robert Fulton

He now longed to go to London and study with the American historical painter, Benjamin West. You have seen copies of this artist's pictures — "The Death of General Wolfe" and "Penn's Treaty with the Indians."

Accordingly he set sail. But when he reached Europe he turned his attention to mechanical inventions and

not to painting. He went to France and while there he made a submarine torpedo-boat. "With this diving boat," he declared, "a country could easily destroy the enemies' warships as they come into the harbor." He called it the *Nautilus*, which means sailor. The Emperor of France gave him an old vessel on which to practise. Fulton was successful, and nothing was left of the old vessel but shattered pieces.

He now turned his attention to steamboats. He was interested in the work of John Fitch. He also remembered that little craft of his boyhood, the paddle-wheels that he made, and the crank that he turned. "Instead of a crank, why not use a steam-engine?" he asked. He put his plan before Robert Livingston, our minister to France. You remember him as the chancellor who pronounced the oath of office to Washington in the city of New York. Chancellor Livingston was interested and he supplied the necessary funds. Soon the boat was ready to make its trial trip on the river Seine in France.

The day came. Fulton arose in the morning after a sleepless night. He was hopeful, however. But alas! what happened? A messenger from the boat came running. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "the boat has broken to pieces and gone to the bottom."

Fulton hastened to the river and with his own hands began the task of raising the vessel. We are told that he kept at it, without food or rest, for twenty-four hours.

The boat was raised and in a few weeks it was ready for its trial trip. Hundreds of people assembled to

see the wonder, but the boat moved slowly. Fulton, however, felt that the next experiment would be more successful.

As Chancellor Livingston was ready to sail for America, it was decided to build the next boat in New York and sail it on the Hudson River.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1807, Fulton's second boat was completed and he called it the *Clermont* after Livingston's summer home on the Hudson; but there were those who called it "Fulton's Folly." Was it folly? We shall see.



Steaming past the Palisades

It was a hot day in August when the trial trip was made. Crowds of people were assembled on the banks of the river. Those thinking it would prove a failure were there only to laugh and jeer.

Fulton stood on the deck of the vessel, and, as the paddle-wheels began to revolve, he waved his hand. Black smoke rose from the stack as the *Clermont* moved out into the river. On and on Fulton kept going until he reached Albany, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

The crews on the river sloops were frightened when they saw at night this "monster moving on the waters,

defying wind and tide, breathing flames and smoke." They shrank beneath the decks from the sight and let their vessels run ashore.

After this first trip the *Clermont* ran regularly from New York to Albany. And this was only nine years after the death of John Fitch.

Fulton died in 1815; but he lived to see many steamboats in use. And almost a hundred years after his death we honored him in the Hudson-Fulton celebration for his great services to mankind.



From an old print

Fitch's steamboat on the Schuylkill River

CHAPTER III

OUR SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND



YOU remember that France sold to the United States the Louisiana Territory in order that she might have money to carry on her war against England. This war made trouble for us.

England had a large navy, but many of her sailors did not care to engage in war, and so they deserted and found places on our merchant vessels. What did England do then? She was in need of sailors. She searched our merchant ships on the high seas, and if our vessels refused her signal to stop, she sometimes fired on them.

The officers of the English men-of-war would then come on board and seize those of our crew that they said were deserters. Not only Englishmen were taken but many of our citizens. This practise was called

THE IMPRESSMENT OF OUR SEAMEN

No doubt those from our country could prove that they did not belong to England; but they were not given the chance. England needed sailors and the

captains of her men-of-war took them by force. We are told that an old soldier of the Revolution complained to Congress, "My sons have been forced into the English service. If such is the kind of liberty I have fought for, I would rather be without it."

The English officers became so insolent that an armed English vessel, the *Leopard*, fired at one of our



"Impressing" an American seaman

warships, the *Chesapeake*, and killed three of our men and wounded eighteen. Nor was this all. The officers of the *Leopard* took five of the *Chesapeake's* crew into the English ship. Three of these five were afterward proved to be Americans.

"We ought not to allow such an insult," said many patriots; "we have reasons to declare war against England." But President Jefferson knew that our navy was small compared with England's. We had

fought one terrible war when we gained our independence, and we were not eager to have another.

The Emperor of France declared that he would seize any vessel carrying goods to England. And England said that she would seize any ship taking supplies to France. The American shippers were thus put into a strange predicament: they could trade with neither France nor England without the risk of being captured. What could be done? Either we must fight for our rights or stop trading with both nations, and President Jefferson decided to try the latter course.

THE EMBARGO

An order of the government forbidding vessels to leave port is called an embargo act. Jefferson thought he could punish England and France for their insolence by not sending them our goods and he asked Congress to pass an embargo act. It did so and forbade all American vessels to trade with any foreign country. At first the people applauded and thought it was just the thing to do. But in a short time they felt the hardships that the embargo brought.

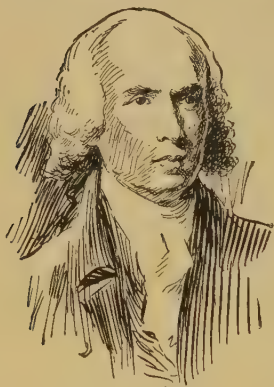
The ships lay rotting in the harbors; thousands of men lost their positions and wandered idly about; farmers and manufacturers could not market their products.

When the embargo continued over a year, the people grew tired of the burden. Some spelled the word backward and called it the O-grab-me act. Many blamed President Jefferson and for a time he lost much of his popularity. The worst thing was, the embargo did

not punish England and France as much as it did the Americans themselves. The act was repealed just when Jefferson went out of office. The new President, who now followed Jefferson, was his close friend, who had been in his Cabinet as Secretary of State for eight years, and came from the same state of Virginia.

JAMES MADISON

You will remember that he was one of the leaders in forming our country's Constitution, and he probably did more than any other man to make it what it is.



James Madison
Fourth president

Madison did not desire war. He was gentle and courteous, and he did his best to settle our disputes with England, but he was not successful.

The English men-of-war, as large warships were then called, became so bold that they stationed themselves at the entrance of our harbors to search our merchantmen as they sailed out. When an English warship seized one of our citizens in American waters, the people cried out, "We have endured long enough, we must defend ourselves."

Then Mr. Madison sent out a large war vessel, named the *President*, to find the ship that had taken our citizen. The captain sighted an English vessel in the distance; but, as it was dark, he could not see

the name. "What ship is that?" he called through his trumpet. The reply was a shot from the strange ship.

Then the *President* opened fire and in less than twenty minutes disabled and silenced the stranger. It proved to be an English ship, the *Little Belt*, and it was almost shot to pieces. This incident put a decided check on the impressment of seamen. Soon after this, Congress declared war against England.

GOVERNOR HARRISON AND THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE

The year before war was declared there was a terrible Indian battle in the region known then as the Northwest. When Washington was President the red men of this region had caused the white settlers great anxiety. Washington sent General Wayne, who fired at short range and so frightened the Indians that they were glad to make peace with the white men.

After this General Wayne was known by the Indians as the "chief who never sleeps," and the Western settlers had peace for a time.

But less than twenty years had passed when hostilities broke out again. Tecumseh, of the Shawnee tribe, was ambitious to unite all the Indians of the Northwest into one great nation. "We will drive the white people back across the Alleghany Mountains," he said. The red men of this region had sold to our Government three million acres of land, but Tecumseh's tribe had no part in the ownership of the land or in the sale of it.

Tecumseh was not a chief by birth, but he was a powerful leader and had many followers. "No tribe

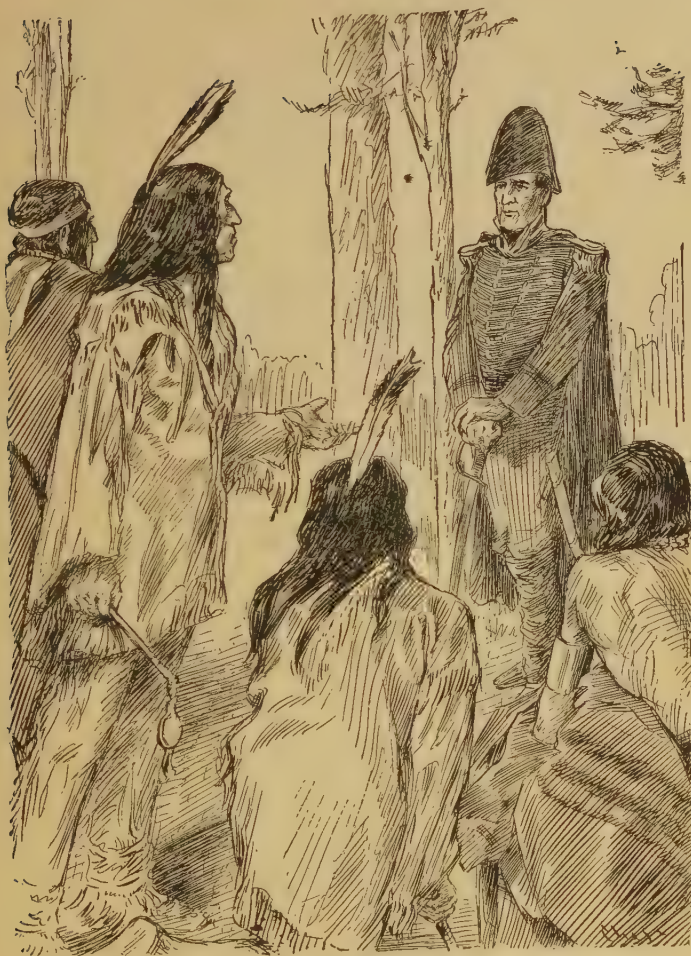
has a right to sell land without the consent of the other tribes," he declared. He had a brother who was called the Prophet, because he pretended to foretell coming events. This Prophet incited the Indians against the white men. He told them that the pale-faced people were depriving the red men of their hunting-grounds. "They come and take our lands," he said, "and tell us that we must find other places for our wigwams. Let us kill off these pale-faces and the land will again be ours."

William Henry Harrison was governor of this region. It was then called Indiana Territory. Harrison had fought under General Wayne and he knew the red men well.

He had held several councils with Tecumseh; but Indian outrages continued. While the Indian warrior promised peace, Governor Harrison saw that the white men might be surprised with an attack at any time. Tecumseh had left his brother, the Prophet, in the North, and had gone to the South to arouse the tribes there to join him.

"Now is the time," declared Harrison, "to march into the Indian country and give them a surprise." Accordingly, in the late fall of 1811, with nine hundred men he advanced toward Tippecanoe, Tecumseh's home. They marched up one side of the river and nearly reached the Indian village when messengers came from the Prophet saying that he would make peace on the morrow.

But Governor Harrison knew that the Indian's word was not to be trusted. He warned his men, and



General William Henry Harrison holding council with Tecumseh
and his warriors

they slept that night in the woods with their guns ready. It was well that they were prepared; for the Prophet had instructed the Indians to arm themselves with guns and hatchets and to crawl on their hands and knees through the tall grass until they reached the sleeping soldiers in the woods, and then suddenly fall upon them.

An hour before daybreak the sentinel saw the tall grass moving. He instantly fired, and then came the dreaded Indian war-whoop and five hundred red men arose from the underbrush and made the attack. The white men seized their guns, and a fierce battle raged in the darkness of early morning. After a bloody struggle the red men broke and fled. Many were killed. Harrison and his men then marched into Tippecanoe and burned the Indian village to the ground.

Tecumseh was very angry with his brother for making the attack while he was in the South. His plans were defeated. The great Indian nation was never formed, nor were the white men forced back across the Alleghany Mountains.

War was declared against England in the summer of 1812, and it is often called the War of 1812. Tecumseh with most of his people joined the English and fought against the Americans. But with all this, Tecumseh was a man of noble character.

There is a story told of this Indian which shows that he was not a savage at heart. The English General had taken captive some of our men and had allowed his Indian allies to put them to death. When Tecumseh

heard of it, he was angry and demanded a reason for such cruelty. "The Indians were beyond my control," said the English General. "Then," answered Tecumseh, "it is time that you go home and put on petticoats."

A DEFEAT AND A VICTORY

General William Hull was a man past sixty. As a young man he had fought bravely in the Revolution, and now he was sent to defend Detroit, Michigan, against the Canadians and Indians. Detroit was then a straggling village on the bank of the river of the same name, on the edge of the vast wilderness of Michigan. It contained a wooden fort with several hundred men and a few women and children. Hull heard of the coming of General Brock with a large army of British and Indians, and his courage left him.



Tecumseh

"What shall we do?" cried Hull. "Fight to the last," answered his young officers. But the commander was too much scared to fight. "Will not the Indians kill our women and children if we do not yield?" he asked. "Then, too, the food in the fort cannot last more than a month, and there is no American force within hundreds of miles to come to our aid."

And when suddenly a cannon-ball from the English battery fell in the fort and killed four of his men, General Hull's courage was gone. To the chagrin of

his soldiers, he raised a white table-cloth, as a sign of the surrender of the fort to the English, without a gun being fired.

What did our country think of such an action? General Hull was tried by a court of soldiers, was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot as a coward. President Madison, remembering Hull's service in our first war with England, pardoned him; but he was never allowed to command again.

Three days after this disgraceful surrender something happened far out in the Atlantic Ocean that is more pleasing to American readers, and it was another Hull that figured in this event. General Hull, who surrendered at Detroit, had a nephew, Captain Isaac Hull, who commanded an American vessel at sea. There was an English ship, named the *Guerrière*, whose captain had challenged any one of our vessels to a duel. Indeed, a London paper had boasted that no Yankee craft could cope with the *Guerrière*. Captain Hull, hearing of this, was eager to accept the challenge, for he had command of the frigate *Constitution*, the flagship of Commodore Preble when the latter attacked the pirates in the Mediterranean.

The *Constitution* was one of our fine warships. Good material had been used in its building. We are told that Paul Revere had furnished the copper, and the vessel, built of solid oak, was not set afloat until its wood was thoroughly seasoned.

Captain Hull had reason to be proud of his ship. It is true the English had sneered at it and called it "a bundle of pine boards." And the captain of the

Guerrière had boastingly remarked, "A few broadsides from England's wooden walls would drive the paltry striped bunting from the ocean."

One afternoon in August, 1812, the two frigates, each the pride of her country, met several hundred miles off the coast of Massachusetts. All hands were alert on the *Constitution*. What did they see? Flags flung out from the topmasts of the English frigate. The sailors of our ship were eager to fire. But Captain Hull's command was, "Don't fire until I give the word." Nearer and nearer approached the *Guerrière*, pouring in a broadside upon the *Constitution*. "May we not now fire?" shouted the lieutenant. "Not yet," answered the captain.

Another broadside from the *Guerrière*. The vessels were now very near each other. The crew of our ship was becoming impatient for the command to fire.



The *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*

Not until every gun was ready did Captain Hull give the word. Then came the shout, "Now, boys, pour in upon them." Broadside after broadside fell upon the *Guerrière*, and the deadly conflict raged for half an hour, when a cannon-ball broke the mainmast of the English frigate and left her a helpless wreck.

The *Constitution* was little harmed, and only fourteen of her crew were killed, while seventy-nine fell on the deck of the *Guerrière*. Captain Dacres, of the English ship, offered his sword to Captain Hull; but the latter gallantly refused to take it, saying, "I cannot receive your sword, but I thank you for your hat." These two captains had been friends and had laughingly agreed that if one should gain a victory over the other, the loser should forfeit his hat.

The *Guerrière* was so badly damaged that it was set on fire, and Captain Hull received the remaining English crew on the *Constitution*. This naval victory caused great rejoicing throughout the country. Captain Hull was the hero of the day. Receptions were given in his honor. He had shown England that "pride goeth before a fall."

And the *Constitution* proved that she was more than "a bundle of pine boards." She won other victories, and in time her name was changed to *Old Ironsides* because she came out of each fight but little harmed.

Years later, when it was thought that she was no longer useful and ought to be destroyed, Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a student at Harvard, wrote the poem beginning:

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky."

The poem was printed and published throughout the country. The people were so aroused that Congress

decided to repair *Old Ironsides* instead of destroying her, and later she was used as a school-ship.

It is many years since she has cruised upon our waters, but the country is still proud of her. She now lies in Charlestown Navy Yard — a fitting monument for those who fought for our country's independence on the sea.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

Before this independence was gained, other battles were fought on the sea; and these were not all victories for our country.

James Lawrence was a brave young officer, and he was given command of the *Chesapeake*, that same ship that was chased and fired upon by the *Leopard*. It was not well equipped, it had lost a mast at sea, and it had the name of being unlucky.

But no sooner had Lawrence taken command of it than a challenge came from the English frigate *Shannon*. He was eager to accept the challenge, but he had no crew. The men of the enemy's ship were carefully drilled. What did Lawrence do? He hastily collected a crew composed of foreigners and Americans. Most of them had never fought any battle on the sea; they were inexperienced and unprepared.

But this did not daunt Captain Lawrence. Had he not helped Decatur destroy the *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli? He was courageous, and the *Chesapeake* was soon sailing out of Boston Harbor.

The *Shannon* was in sight, and it was not long before the two ships met. Night was approaching and it would soon be dark. But the battle began, and not

fifteen minutes passed before the *Chesapeake* was disabled. Lawrence shouted to his men to board the enemy, but before the command was heeded a deadly musket ball mortally wounded the brave captain. As he was borne below, his dying words were, "Tell the men to fire faster and not to give up the ship; fight her till she sinks."

But the conflict was soon over, and the English flag was raised on the *Chesapeake*. The brave captain's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have not only passed into history, but they have saved many a one from being discouraged.

A VICTORY ON THE LAKES

Not many months after the death of Captain Lawrence a blue flag was unfurled on Lake Erie. Upon the flag were written in large white letters Lawrence's famous words, "Don't give up the ship."

The English had a fleet of six vessels on Lake Erie, and it was their intention to keep control of Michigan and the Northwest. President Madison sent Oliver Hazard Perry to Erie, a young man from Rhode Island. Although an officer, he had never been in a naval battle. The enemy's fleet was commanded by Commodore Barclay, who had served under the great English admiral, Nelson, at the Battle of Trafalgar.

To meet this English fleet we must have ships. What did Perry do? He sent woodsmen into the forests to fell huge trees. The timber was then taken to the shipyard. There was no time for the wood to season, and soon fifty ship-builders were at work on the green

timber. The iron, the canvas, the ropes, and the cannon had to be brought on sleds through the deep snow from Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York. There was hard work for several months, and then the fleet of nine vessels, with fifty-four guns, was ready to be launched.

Commodore Barclay would have made the attack before Perry's ships were completed; but there was a sand-bar in the lake and he knew the water was too shallow there for him to cross. But Perry's ships must cross this bar to come out into the open lake, and Barclay thought, "Then will be the time to make the attack."

He watched closely, but our ships were not ready; and there was no reason why the English commodore should not accept an invitation to dine with a rich Canadian on the other side of the lake.

He was gone, however, for several days, and his absence gave an opportunity to Perry. The latter gathered all his forces, and the men worked like giants until the boats had crossed the bar and were out in the open lake ready to meet the enemy.

When Commodore Barclay saw what had happened, he was not in a hurry to fight. He waited until his new vessel, the *Detroit*, was completed; and then, on a September morning, 1813, with his fleet of six vessels and sixty-three guns, he sailed out to meet our fleet.

Perry saw that the combat must begin, so he raised the blue flag, the "Don't give up the ship" flag, on his vessel, the *Lawrence*, and this was a signal for his men to fire. The enemy responded with a deadly broadside, and in a short time the *Lawrence* was disabled and eighty of her crew lay dead or wounded on her deck.



Redrawn from the painting in the Capitol
Perry transferring his flag to the Niagara.

The English looked for the white flag to be raised on our flag-ship — but Perry seized the blue bunting with Lawrence's words "Don't give up the ship," and he and his young brother and several sailors escaped in an open boat to the next largest vessel, the *Niagara*.

It was a daring thing to do for they were the targets for the English; a torrent of bullets and grape-shot whizzed by them. They reached the *Niagara*, how-

*We have met the enemy and they are ours.
Two Ships, two Brigs one
Schooner & one Sloop.
Yours, with great respect and esteem
O. H. Perry.*

Facsimile of Perry's famous despatch

ever, unhurt, and the blue flag with its significant motto went up.

Our men then fired volley after volley into the enemy's fleet, and in less than twenty minutes the English surrendered. It was not a surrender of one ship but a whole fleet, and the surrender was made by an experienced officer to a young man not thirty years of age.

On the back of a letter Perry wrote this despatch to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours — two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and

one sloop." This victory opened the way for General Harrison to recover Detroit, which had been surrendered to the English by General Hull the year before. It did more than that — it gave our country courage.

Perry is honored to-day as one of our national heroes. His life was short after the Battle of Lake Erie. He served our country six years more, when he died of a fever on the island of Trinidad.

DOLLY MADISON AND THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON

England's war with France was at an end, and she could now send more ships and more men to America. Accordingly, in the summer of 1814, her fleet blockaded our ports and sailed up our rivers to attack unguarded cities and towns. Her ships even entered Chesapeake Bay and landed soldiers at Bladensburg, near Washington, our capital.

On August 23d President Madison, with some Government officers, went to this town where the militia was gathering. His wife, Dolly Madison, had cause to be anxious. The next day at noon she wrote to her sister: "I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I cannot see them."

There was reason for their not approaching, for before the sun set that day a battle was fought at Bladensburg. Again Mrs. Madison wrote to her sister: "Three o'clock — will you believe it, my sister? We have had a battle near Bladensburg, and here I am still within sound of the cannon. Mr. Madison comes not. May

God protect us. Two messengers, covered with dust, came to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him."

The capital city was in great danger, and people, fearing an attack, were gathering their possessions and hurrying away. But not Dolly Madison. She promised her husband that she would guard the Cabinet papers, and she waited for his return. There was no time to lose; she bade a servant bring a trunk and she packed the documents.

But her husband did not come. It was a long night, and day finally dawned. Her friends were hurrying from the city, and they begged her to leave. But she must wait for him.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a message came, "Fly or the house will be burned over your head." At last she



"Dolly" Madison

yielded to the persuasion of friends. But there were other things to save besides the Cabinet papers. She did not forget the Declaration of Independence. And there was Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington. How could she take that? It was in a heavy frame screwed to the wall. Her friends urged her to hasten, but she must save that picture. She ordered a servant to get an ax and break the frame. When this was done, the painted canvas was taken from the stretcher and rolled up. Now she was ready to leave.

It was none too soon. She escaped at the last minute. The English, under General Ross, marched into the unguarded and deserted city, and burned the Treasury building, the public libraries, and the new Capitol. It is said that they spared the Patent Office because they were told that our inventions benefited them as well as ourselves.

The burning was a most disgraceful act. Many important treasures and documents were destroyed.

And more disgraceful was it because the act was the order of the English Government. Americans, too, are ashamed because so little was done by our army to prevent the approach of the British upon Washington.

What became of Dolly Madison? She found refuge among friends in the country. The English heard that reënforcements were coming to the Americans, so they went back to their ships. The White House had also been burned, and when the President and his wife returned, they had to live in a rented house. But the charming Dolly Madison graced it as she did the White House.

Later when President Madison's term of office was at an end, he retired to his plantation in Virginia, and there he died in 1836. Mrs. Madison was twenty-one years younger than her husband. After his death she returned to Washington and there lived among loving friends the remainder of her life.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT McHENRY AND "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

The English had not yet left this region. On Tuesday morning, September 13th, they began to attack Fort

McHenry. This fort was built to protect the harbor of Baltimore. Toward evening the enemy, screened by five of their great guns, sent two bomb vessels, and a large number of barges, manned with fifteen hundred picked men, to pass the fort, so as to assail it in the rear, and, perhaps, effect a landing.

The noise of their oars was distinctly heard, and our men were given the signal to open fire. A deadly flame was poured out from Fort McHenry and a half hour later nearly all the attacking boats were sunk or crippled.

The English suffered much from this attack, and on the morning of the next day they sailed away.

During the bombardment of Fort McHenry Francis Scott Key, a lawyer, went on an errand, under a flag of truce, to the English fleet. He desired to obtain the release of several prisoners.

The mission thus accomplished, they were about to take leave when they were told that they would be detained until the attack was over. They were kept under a guard of soldiers in a little vessel moored to the side of an English ship. There on the deck they witnessed the bombardment of the fort.

What an anxious time it must have been for Mr. Key and his friends.

They remained on deck all night watching every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear whether an explosion followed.

"As long as the bombardment continues," thought Mr. Key, "the fort has not yielded." But suddenly, before morning dawned, the attack ceased. "Has the

fort surrendered or have the English abandoned it?" breathlessly asked the men. But they had no way of finding out from any other ship, and they paced the deck for the remainder of the night in anxious watching.

As it became dawn they turned their glasses to the fort, not knowing whether they would see the flag of the English or the "Stars and the Stripes" triumphantly waving.



The Star-Spangled Banner of 1814, with its fifteen stars and as many stripes

In the dim light of that September morning they saw the enemy hastening to their ships. And when Francis Scott Key caught a glimpse of the flag that he had watched for so anxiously from the first faint gleam of dawn, he drew a letter from his

pocket, and upon the back of this he wrote the opening lines of our national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Later, in the small boat which carried him to shore, he completed the poem, and that night he wrote it out as we have it to-day. The following morning he showed the verses to Judge Nicholson, who was so greatly pleased with them that he took them to the office of a Baltimore paper and had them printed.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung by Charles Durang, an actor. His brother, Ferdinand, set the poem to the music of the old air, "Anacreon in Heaven."

A few years before the death of Mr. Key, at a meeting held in Frederick City, Maryland, he responded

to the toast, "Francis Scott Key — the author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'" "I was impelled to my effort," he said. "I had seen the flag of my country waving over a city, the strength and pride of my native state. I heard the sound of battle, the noise of the conflict fell upon my listening ear and told me that the brave and the free had met the invaders. And do not such defenders of their country deserve a song? Let the praise, then, if any be due, be given not to me, who only did what I could not help doing; not to the writer but to the inspirers of the song."

What was the result of this attack on Baltimore? Very different, indeed, from that on Washington. General Ross, the British commander, who had boasted that he would spend the winter in Baltimore, saying he "did not care if it rained militia," started with a band of regulars to march upon the city. But he was met by several hundred militia, and among the slain was General Ross, who fell dead with a bullet in his breast. The British hurried back to their ships and sailed away, and Baltimore was not taken.

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE CREEK INDIANS

When Tecumseh allied himself with the English to fight against our country, he tried to arouse the Creek Indians in Alabama. But this tribe did not seem eager to join him, and Tecumseh was angry. "You will not do what I ask you?" he said. "When I return to Detroit, I will stamp the ground there, and your village here will quake. Then you will believe that I have been sent by the Great Spirit."

Not many days after Tecumseh had left them, an earthquake did occur in this village. The Indians, terrified, rushed out, crying, "The Great Spirit must have sent Tecumseh."

Now they were ready to do what he had asked them, and one August day, in 1813, a thousand Indian warriors rushed upon the four hundred helpless men, women, and children at Fort Mimms, in southern Alabama.

The news of this dreadful massacre reached Tennessee. "What can we do to avenge this awful deed?" the people asked. "We will march into this Indian country," said General Andrew Jackson, the commander of the Tennessee volunteers. And that is what they did.

After one successful encounter with the Indians, Jackson's men desired to return home. The general pleaded with them to remain until the Creeks were subdued. We cannot blame these men for desiring to go; supplies were scarce, and for several weeks they had almost nothing to eat. Now provisions arrived but, nevertheless, these volunteers were determined to return to Tennessee. Finally they arose in a body. General Jackson was as determined that they should finish the work of subduing the Indians. Riding in front of the moving column, he declared, "I will shoot the first man that moves to go." Not a soldier dared to stir, and they all agreed to remain.

But they were discontented, and later General Jackson saw that it was better to let them go. They were not regular soldiers, they had never been in war before, and they became tired of it.

His next army was much better, and at Horseshoe Bend, in March, 1814, they fought one of the bloodiest Indian battles that ever occurred on our country's soil. The conflict raged all day, and before the sun set, nearly a thousand Indians lay dead upon the field.



Chief Wetherford before General Jackson

The power of the Creek Indians was now entirely broken.

General Jackson offered to spare all the red men who would lay down their arms and promise to let the white settlers alone in the future. But he made one exception — the Indian chief, Wetherford, who had led the massacre at Fort Mimms, Jackson desired to punish.

One afternoon, while sitting in his tent, the General was surprised by an Indian entering. "I am Wetherford," he said, "I have come to ask peace for my people." "I had directed that you be brought to me bound," answered Jackson. "I am in your power," replied the chief, "do with me as you please. I ask not for myself, but for my people; our women and children are starving in the woods."

General Jackson was touched by these brave words. And instead of putting the Indian to death for what he had done at Fort Mimms, he gave him corn and let him go. Wetherford promised never again to take up arms against the white people, and he kept his word.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS AND THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

One more campaign must be mentioned and then our story of the War of 1812 will be ended. A large English fleet had set sail for the mouth of the Mississippi River. General Jackson, having subdued the Indians, now hastened to New Orleans. This city was not prepared for an attack. And there, in the harbor, was an English fleet of fifty vessels, carrying twenty thousand soldiers and a thousand heavy guns. General Jackson had fewer than four thousand men, and many of these had never fought a battle.

He immediately set to work and threw up redoubts. Four miles below the city was a broad ditch, and here he built a high bank and placed cannon along the top.

The English had taken prisoner a young French officer, Major Villere. He was determined to escape

and give the alarm to our men; and he succeeded. Fifty of the English started in pursuit. Villere raced through the woods; he saw that the pursuers were gaining and his only safety was to climb a tree.

At that moment he heard a whining at his feet and there was his faithful dog. What could he do? Either kill the noble animal or be discovered by his pursuers. "But the fate of New Orleans is at stake," he thought. There was no time to lose, and a moment later he slew the dog and hid its body. Years afterward, it is said, he never could speak of it without tears in his eyes.

He climbed the tree, and the English soldiers passed by. When they were gone, he made his way across the river and informed General Jackson that the English had landed and were encamped eight miles below.

We are told that when an English officer boastingly said that he would eat his Christmas dinner in New Orleans, General Jackson coolly replied, "Perhaps so; but I shall have the honor of presiding at that dinner."

The English, commanded by the brave Sir Edward Pakenham, were slowly making their way up the river toward the city of New Orleans. And on the evening of the 7th of January Sir Edward was ready for an attack. General Jackson knew that an awful battle was about to take place. A young soldier asked him for permission to go on a personal errand. The general replied, "Of course, you *may* go, but *ought* you to go?" This was a significant hint, and the soldier returned to his post.

Jackson arose early the next morning, and, riding along his lines, he aroused his men to their places of

duty. It was none too soon, for at dawn of day the English marched in solid columns toward our lines. "See that every shot tells," was Jackson's command. Our men were stationed behind the embankment.

Then at the sound of the bugle and the whizzing of a sky-rocket the English opened fire, and the battle was begun. Our soldiers did not respond until the enemy came within a few hundred yards; then they opened fire, and soon the top of their breastwork, nearly a mile in length, was one unbroken line of fire.

The English soldiers knew that attack meant death, and they began to falter and break away. But General Pakenham, riding to the front, cried, "For shame, remember that you are English soldiers;" they rallied and again faced the awful fire from our works, and this attack was more dreadful than before. As in the Battle of Bunker Hill, the redcoats were "stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay."

General Pakenham's horse was shot, and he leaped upon another. A few minutes later his right arm was shattered by a musket ball, but he kept on urging his men. Then two deadly balls passed through his body, and the brave general was killed.

Less than a half-hour after the first terrible fire had begun, the English fell back; and the victory for the Americans was complete. The English loss on that fatal day was nearly three thousand, while our loss was not over twenty-five men.

In the midst of the battle a little drummer boy had climbed a tree, and there blew his bugle to cheer the English on. When all had fled, one of our soldiers found

him there in the tree. He was brought into the American camp, and our men praised him for his bravery.

The Battle of New Orleans was the last battle of the war, and sad to say, it ought not to have been fought. A treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent between our country and England two weeks before. But in that day there were no fast ocean steamers, no Atlantic cable, no wireless telegraphy to bring us the news of peace; and they did not know at Washington that such a treaty had been signed until nine days after the battle.

Why was it signed at Ghent, a city in Belgium? Usually some neutral town is chosen so that neither side may be influenced by the inhabitants of the place. A few years ago, when war was concluded between Russia and Japan, their representatives came all the way to America to make a peace treaty.

By the War of 1812 this country gained its independence on the sea. We hope that this is our last war with England; and that the time is near when nations will go to war no more.



The medal awarded to General Jackson by Congress after the battle of New Orleans

CHAPTER IV

OUR COUNTRY'S PROGRESS



JAMES MONROE became President in 1817 and served two terms. He had been a captain in the Revolutionary War. He had fought in the Battle of Trenton and had a wounded shoulder as the result. He had represented us in France, England, and Spain, and later he was Secretary of State under Madison.

But that which gives him most prominence in history is the declaration which he made when he was President: "America is for Americans, and no encroachment of foreign powers on American soil will be permitted." This is known in history as the Monroe Doctrine. Its object was to oppose further colonization in America by European powers.

Washington and Jefferson held the same attitude; indeed, it was the idea of our country then, as it is to-day. Why, therefore, did President Monroe include it in his message to Congress in 1823?

Russia had now taken possession of Alaska and was encroaching upon our western coast by building

trading posts. Then Spain, too weak herself, asked other European powers to aid her to subdue states in South America that had won their independence from Spain.

The Monroe Doctrine further stated that our country had no intention of interfering with any war in Europe, or with any European colonies already in America; but that she would not view with indifference an attempt on the part of any other country to reduce an independent state of North or South America to the condition of a colony.

The result was, that Russia ceased her encroachments, and the other European powers did not aid Spain against her former colonies.

President Monroe's term of office is known as the "era of good feeling," as the country was prosperous and there was little political strife. Dressed in the uniform of the Revolutionary War, the blue and the buff, and wearing his cocked hat, the President made a tour of the country and was delighted with the prosperity that he saw everywhere.

Monroe was so open-hearted and generous that he won the respect of the people. Jefferson paid a beautiful tribute to him, "If his soul were turned inside out, not a blot could be found upon it." Like Jefferson, he died on the anniversary of our country's birth — July 4th, 1831.



James Monroe
Fifth president

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD

After the War of 1812 there was a period of peace for the country, and instead of fighting, the people turned their energies to the building of towns and roads.

In the early days the Indian trail and the buffalo path were the only threads that united the East and the West. Then came the roadways of the pioneers which wound in and out among the great trees of the forest. As our country grew and more people settled beyond the Alleghany Mountains, something better was needed. In our day of easy communication it is difficult for us to go back to a time when there were no railways, no telegraphs, and no rapid mail deliveries.

After the pioneer roadways came the national highways. The first and greatest of these was the Cumberland Road.

When Jefferson was President he appointed commissioners to survey a route for a national highway between the East and the West. And in 1806 Congress voted thirty thousand dollars for it. People were enthusiastic. What happens to-day when railways and trolley lines enter parts of the country not thickly settled? Villages become towns and towns become cities. So in these early days the making of the Cumberland Road meant that more people would settle beyond the Alleghanies.

The road was begun at Cumberland, Maryland, in 1811. Then came the War of 1812, and work upon it was slow. Gradually it was pushed through Pennsylvania and on across Ohio and Indiana to Illinois.

It was more than thirty years in building and was completed in 1838 at a cost of millions of dollars.

Money was needed to keep the highway in good repair. How was this to be raised? When Monroe was President, Congress passed a bill to erect toll-gates on the road and to collect tolls. But President Monroe did not believe that the nation had the right to build the road through the states, and much less the right to collect tolls, so he vetoed the bill, that is, he refused his approval of it.

The friends of the road argued, "Our country built the highway, and it now has the right to preserve it in any reasonable way; and the most reasonable way is to tax those who reap the benefit — who travel on it."



An old toll-gate near Philadelphia

Finally, after much debate, the objection raised to erecting toll-gates was silenced by allowing each state through which the road passed to accept it from the government, as it was completed, and to take charge of its control.

Toll-gates then were immediately erected by the states. Each toll-gate keeper retained two hundred dollars as his yearly salary, and besides this he had five per cent of all receipts above one thousand dollars.

The Cumberland Road became a great mail-route to Ohio and Illinois. There were rival stage-coach lines, as the "Good Intent," the "Pioneer," the "June

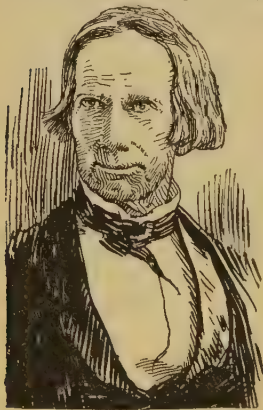
Bug," and the "Pilot." They vied with one another as to questions of speed and safety.

The arrival of the stage-coach, with the bringing of the mail and the newspaper, broke the humdrum life of the villages through which it passed. Men, women, and children would gather to gossip with the driver or with the passengers in the coach, to hear the latest news, or to give some bit of information to be carried on to the next village.

In its day the Cumberland Road was a power in opening a new country. To-day its mile-stones are tottering, railways have supplanted it, and the Old National Road is almost forgotten.

HENRY CLAY

One of the strongest champions of this national road was Henry Clay. Beside the road in the little town of Claysville, Pennsylvania, can be seen a monument erected to his memory. Who was Henry Clay? Let us look into his life.



Henry Clay

In a low marshy region in Virginia, known as the "Slashes," lived a poor Baptist minister. He had a manly presence and a fine voice, and he would preach out-of-doors to his small congregation. He was happy in his family — his wife and eight children. But when the seventh child

was only four years old, the father died; and there was a struggle for his poor family.

This seventh child was Henry Clay. When but a small boy he learned from his mother to love his country. Poor as she and her family were, Mrs. Clay would not use the money that an English colonel had left on her table as payment for some property that his soldiers had destroyed during a raid in that region. What did she do with the handful of gold and silver? She swept it into her apron and threw it into the fireplace.

When Henry was old enough he went to the log-cabin schoolhouse where Peter Deacon held sway. Do you remember the Puritan schoolroom of the Massachusetts Bay colony? Henry Clay's schoolroom had even fewer comforts than that Puritan room. The earth was the floor, and there were no windows, and only one entrance, which had no door to keep out the cold drafts in winter. But here it was that young Clay had his lessons — reading, writing, and arithmetic; and if those lessons were not learned, there was Peter Deacon's whip for the culprit.

And when school hours were over, there was plenty of work for Henry, for he had to help to support the family. The bare-footed boy was either plowing in the field or going to the mill. He was often called the "mill boy of the slashes."

When he was fourteen years of age, his mother was married again, and Henry was placed in a store where he sold groceries and dry goods. All the leisure time that he had he spent in reading. His stepfather said,

“A boy so eager to read must have better advantages.” And the result was that his next position was in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery.

The mother was happy at her son's promotion. She made him a new suit of gray cloth. It is true it did not fit well, but Henry was not accustomed to fashionable dress. Then she starched his collar to a painful stiffness. His clothes only added to his awkwardness, and when he appeared at the office there were concealed smiles behind the desks.

But Henry proved his worth. He was ambitious, quick, and willing to learn. Here in the office, as in the store, his leisure was spent in reading. In later years he said, “I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely, that at an early age I commenced — and continued for some years — the practise of daily reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book. These offhand efforts were sometimes made in a corn field; at others, in the forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors.”

It was not long before the chancellor selected Clay to copy the decisions of the court. He saw that the boy — for he was now only fifteen years of age — was no ordinary youth. He directed his reading. You remember that in his boyhood Alexander Hamilton read Plutarch's “Lives of Great Men.” This was the book that the chancellor gave young Clay to read.

Later he studied law and was admitted to the bar. His fine mind and his gracious manner gave him entrance to the best society of Richmond. When

Clay was twenty-one years of age, his parents moved to Kentucky, and there he decided to go and make his way in the world. He was poor but he was determined to succeed.

He began his political life when he was twenty-two and he steadily rose to prominence. He became one of our great speakers in Congress. The speech that he made before our second war with England was declared, aroused the people. "If we are united," he said, "we are too powerful for the mightiest nation in Europe, or all Europe combined."

President Madison spoke of making Clay commander-in-chief of the army, but Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, asked, "What shall we do without Clay in Congress?" He was one of the five commissioners sent to confer with the English Government when the War of 1812 was nearing its end.

And during President Monroe's term of office he helped to settle a difficulty. The territories of Maine and Missouri asked to be admitted into the Government as states. Missouri held slaves, and the North said, "We do not want another slave state." And when Maine applied, the South retaliated, "We do not desire another free state." Henry Clay then persuaded Congress to admit both Maine and Missouri as states on condition that there should never be another slave state north of the southern boundary of Missouri. This is known as the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

Later Clay was "peacemaker" in other quarrels. The people, a great many of them, loved him, but he

was never honored with the presidency, although he was nominated.

His large estate, Ashland, near Lexington, Kentucky, was one of the most attractive homes in the South. Here Lafayette was entertained when he visited our country.

Clay was in public service for fifty years. The most touching tribute pronounced at his death was that of his political enemy, John C. Breckenridge, "If, I were to write his epitaph, I would inscribe as the highest eulogy on the stone which shall mark his resting-place: Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years and never attempted to deceive his countrymen."

OUR COUNTRY'S GUEST

Nearly fifty years had passed since the young Marquis de Lafayette had left his native France, his home of luxury, his beautiful young wife, and had come to America to fight for the cause of liberty.

We are familiar with the story of that part of his life when he helped the thirteen colonies on the Atlantic coast to gain their independence from England. As he offered his services he made two requests — that he should serve as a volunteer and that he should serve without pay.

We have read of the sacrifices that he made. The story is told in his association with Washington at Valley Forge and at Monmouth. We know that his affection for Washington was no less than Washington's love for him.

He served our country several years, and then he

returned to his native land to fight for the cause of liberty there. And this, too, was not without its sacrifices; for five years he lingered in an Austrian prison.

He was now nearly seventy years of age. Our country showed its gratitude, and Congress, in 1824, asked President Monroe to extend to Lafayette an invitation to be our guest. He longed to visit again the land and the people for whom he had offered his life in his youth. The invitation was accepted; but little did our friend from France know of the preparations that were being made to welcome him.

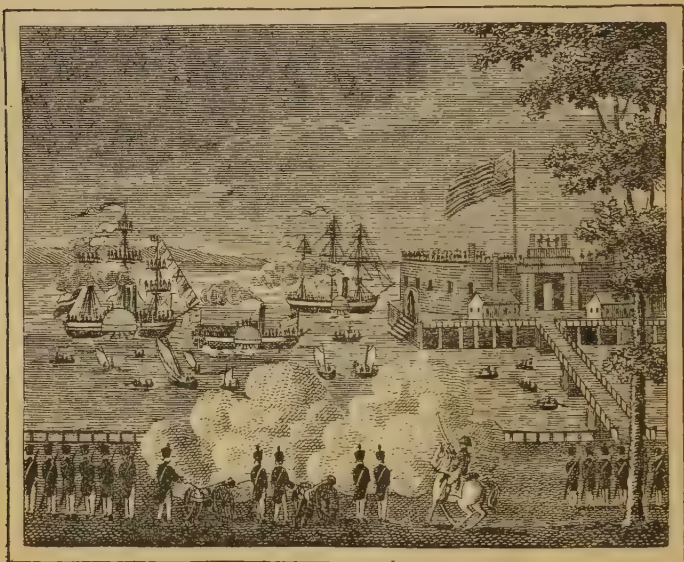
Accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his private secretary, he landed in New York Harbor one August day in 1824. He was greeted with the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells; and amid the cheers of a grateful people he was escorted to the home of the Vice-President on Staten Island.

The next morning a company of flag-decked vessels, bearing six thousand citizens, came out to meet him, and conducted him to New York City. During his visit here the city put on a holiday appearance — people wore Lafayette buttons, flags were seen everywhere, and there was the greatest enthusiasm.

He then went to Washington and was there received formally by President Monroe as our country's guest. Henry Clay, as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, introduced him to the members.

As he journeyed from one town to another, Lafayette marveled at the changes that he saw. We were no longer thirteen struggling colonies along the Atlantic

coast — we were emigrating westward across the Alleghany Mountains beyond the Mississippi River; and villages everywhere were springing into being as if by magic. We had grown from thirteen colonies to twenty-four states, and each state was eager to welcome Lafayette.



From an old print

The landing of General Lafayette, the guest of the nation

In Boston, as he rode through the city in an open barouche drawn by four white horses, great crowds gathered to greet him. At Cambridge he attended the Commencement exercises at Harvard University, where he was given the seat of honor.

He arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the midst of a storm; but there in the rain were one thousand children, crowned with flowers, to greet him. At Hartford, Connecticut, the pupils of the public schools had contributed from their savings, and presented him a gold medal. At New Orleans one hundred Indians of the Choctaw tribe came to see him. Indeed, he was welcomed by all — by those highest in office and by the humblest citizens.

The most impressive scene, however, was his visit to Mount Vernon — to the tomb of Washington. The guns of Fort Washington announced that Lafayette was approaching the last resting-place of the Father of our Country. The band on the boat responded in plaintive tones.

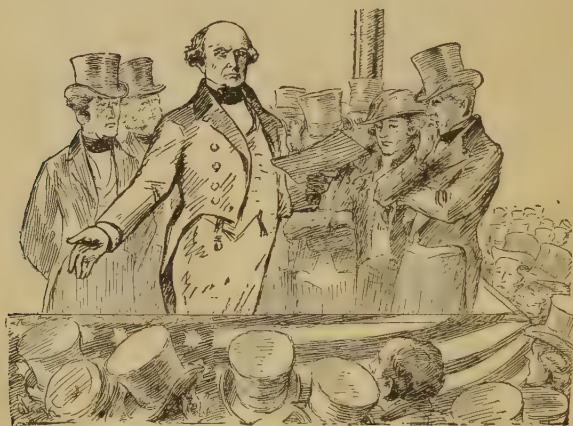
The boat landed, and Washington's three nephews were there to receive Lafayette and to conduct him and his son and his secretary to the tomb. They reached the vault, and Lafayette entered it alone. When he reappeared, his eyes were filled with tears. He then led his son and his secretary into the tomb. "We knelt reverently near the coffin, which we respectfully saluted with our lips," said the secretary, "and, rising, threw ourselves into the arms of Lafayette and mingled our tears with his."

Another memorable scene of this visit of our country's guest was the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

It was a perfect day — the 17th of June, and in the words of a Yankee stage-driver, "Every-

thing that had wheels and everything that had legs used them to get to Boston." Companies of soldiers and citizens, headed by two hundred veterans of the Revolution, escorted the honored guest and the forty survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill to the place where the monument was to be erected.

Not a field-officer of that battle was living; but among those forty was Captain Clark, now ninety-



Webster delivering his Bunker Hill oration

five years of age, and the chaplain, Rev. Joseph Thaxter, who had offered prayer on the eve of that awful battle fifty years before. What memories were recalled as Lafayette grasped the hands of the old veterans whose eyes were filled with tears! He refused a seat reserved for him under the pavilion. "No," he said, "I belong there among the survivors of the Revolution, and there I must sit."

After Lafayette had laid the corner-stone Daniel Webster, one of our country's great orators, gave a splendid oration.

Our guest had spent more than a year with us, and he now thought of returning to his native land. But before he left, Congress voted him two hundred thousand dollars and a grant of land. He was taken across the ocean in our new man-of-war the *Brandywine*, named after the battle in which Lafayette was wounded.

In the words of Charles Sprague:

“Our fathers in glory shall sleep
That gathered with thee to the fight;
But their sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck and bow not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee.”

DANIEL WEBSTER

Besides that famous oration at the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, when Lafayette was present, Daniel Webster made many other famous speeches.

His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a patriot. To him Washington once said, “Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you.” Ebenezer Webster was a man not of words but of acts. Force of will, force of mind, and force of character were his predominant traits. At heart he was affectionate, and he was willing to make any sacrifice for the education of his children.

Daniel, the youngest, was a delicate child. The neighbors would say, “He will not live long,” and this would make his poor mother weep. So that he might

become strong, his parents insisted upon an outdoor life for him; and young Daniel could be seen wandering through the woods and among the hills. He thus learned to love nature—the wild flowers, the trees, and the birds. He found a friend in an old English sailor, who would row with him on the river and tell him stories of his adventures on the sea.



Bunker Hill Monument

At a very early age Daniel had been taught by his mother to read. Indeed, he tells us in his autobiography, "I do not remember the time when I did not read." Later he attended the district school, and he soon became known for his retentive memory. One day

the schoolmaster offered a jack-knife as a reward to the pupil who should be able to recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible the next morning. When his turn came, Daniel arose and recited verse after verse until, finally, the master cried, "Enough," and awarded the prize.

Young Webster was very fond of reading, and he committed much to memory. When but a mere youth, we are told, he bought a handkerchief on which was printed the Constitution of the United States. What did he then do? He learned that famous document by heart. "I read what I could get to read," he tells us, "went to school when I could, and when not at school was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much for want of health and strength, but expected to do something." And this something was

watching the saw in his father's sawmill; but even here he lost no time from his reading. While the log was going through, he devoured a book.

As he read good books and committed much to memory, he gained power of expression. His talents became known in the neighborhood, and it was the delight of passing teamsters to listen to the dark-eyed boy read from the Bible under the shade of an old tree.



Webster's Mother

Ebenezer Webster felt his own deficiencies and he longed for the opportunity to give to his promising son what the father lacked — an education. The time came, the elder Webster was made judge of the courts; there was not much salary in it, but enough to send Daniel away to school. Accordingly one hot summer day the father called the son to him in the hay-field and told him of his purpose.

The next spring Daniel was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy. But here the sensitive youth had a bitter experience; there were boys at the Academy who laughed at this "country" lad as he appeared before them in his rustic clothes. And "Webster's boy," who had delighted the teamsters with his childish eloquence, now could not muster sufficient courage to speak before the school. "Many a piece did I commit and rehearse in my own room, over and over again," he said, "yet when the day came, when my name was called and I saw all eyes turned toward me, I could

not raise myself from my seat." But the master was kind; he saw that Daniel was no ordinary youth, and he encouraged him.

The father was pleased with the son's progress, "Daniel shall go to college," he said. When he imparted this resolve to his son the latter was overcome with emotion. "I remember the very hill we were ascending



The Capitol at Washington when Webster went to Congress

through deep snow, in a New England sleigh," he wrote later, "when my father made known this purpose to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

He was then hastily prepared by a tutor in Latin and Greek, and he succeeded in entering Dartmouth

College in 1797. Here he became known as a student who had read much. He delighted in English literature, and absorbed history; and, what was still more commendable, he meditated on what he read and was able to tell to the best advantage what he knew.

He was not a prig at college, he enjoyed fun and had a sense of humor. One time, when returning to Dartmouth after a vacation, he broke through the ice of a stream and was thoroughly drenched. He hurried to a farmhouse and there went to bed while his clothes were drying. As he was undressing he became alarmed to find his body a purplish blue. Moments of reflection told him that the contents of his mother's dye pot were left on his skin instead of on his clothes. In speaking of these early days, years afterward, he said, "There were two things which I did dearly love — reading and playing — passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over."

At college he enjoyed speaking to a listening audience; and those students who heard him never forgot the musical tones of his voice, his dignified manner, his enthusiasm in his subject. People outside of the college heard of his eloquence, and he was asked to deliver the Fourth-of-July oration in the town of Hanover.

After he was graduated from college he studied law. But it was not long before he dropped his law studies for a time and began teaching, so that he could earn money to help his older brother Ezekiel through college. He was successful as a teacher. His dignity,

his even temper, his sense of humor, made him liked and respected by his pupils.

Later he resumed the study of law. "Go on and finish your course," said the lawyer with whom he had studied, "you are poor enough but there are worse evils than poverty. Live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat let it be the bread of independence." Webster heeded the counsel, and finished his law studies. And, as years went on, he became one of the foremost lawyers of our country.

Nowhere was his generosity shown more than when he served a poor client. At one time a blacksmith asked his professional services. The case was a very difficult one. Not only did it require much study but Webster had to spend more than fifty dollars for books. He won the case, and what did he charge his poor client? Fifteen dollars.

Daniel Webster spent many years as a member of Congress. In the Senate he made that speech in reply to Governor Hayne, ending with those famous words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

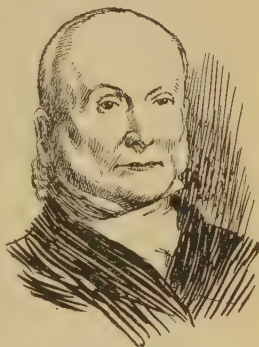
Like Henry Clay he was never honored with the presidency; but to-day he stands among the first of our country's statesmen and orators. His speeches are masterpieces; they belong to American literature and are studied in the schools.

GOVERNOR CLINTON'S "BIG DITCH"

One of the famous speeches in our history was President Adams's farewell to our country's guest —

Lafayette. John Quincy Adams became President in 1825. He did everything he could to encourage the country's progress.

He was the son of John Adams, our second President. At the age of seven he stood on a little hill with his mother and saw the Battle of Bunker Hill. At eleven he accompanied his father to France and there engaged in study. At fourteen he became private secretary to our minister at St. Petersburg. Four years later he had visited every country in Europe. He returned to the United States and entered Harvard University, where he was graduated.



John Quincy Adams

He was one of our most scholarly Presidents and had great ability in debate. At the age of eighty he was called "the old man eloquent" and was still serving his country in Congress.

During his presidency we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Another great event occurred in his administration — the Erie Canal, in October, 1825, was formally declared to be open. It was the first great canal to be completed in America; it extends from Albany to Buffalo, — a distance of three hundred and sixty-three miles.

In 1812 a commission from the state of New York laid before our Congress a project for the construction of a canal from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean.

But Congress said, "We cannot support the project." Then what did the state of New York do? Its legislature passed an act for the construction of the canal; and no man did more for the completion than Governor Clinton.

People laughed at him when, in 1817, he dug the first shovelful of dirt for a waterway which was to connect Lake Erie and the Hudson River. "Clinton's 'big ditch' will cost our state millions of dollars, and there will be nothing but mud for his trouble; it will never be finished," they said. "In the first place, how can

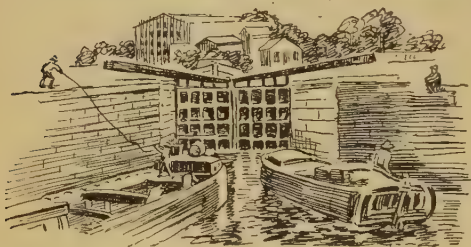
you run a canal up hill?"

"By a system of locks," they were told.

"How will you make it pay?" others asked.

"By taxing the boats that go through it," was Clinton's answer.

It was not an easy task to dig a canal in those days, when there was no dynamite for heavy blasting and when there was no steam machinery for digging. But there were other men like Governor Clinton who had foresight and were willing to undertake the difficult work. "A waterway binding Lake Erie and the Hudson River will make it cheaper to carry our goods to the West," they said. After eight years of patient toil of thousands of men with pick and spade and wheelbarrow the great work was finished.



On the evening of October 25th, 1825, Governor Clinton and other distinguished gentlemen from Albany and New York arrived in Buffalo for the celebration of the following day. There were no fast-speeding trains or private cars to bring them to that city. They had to come on horseback or in carriages drawn by horses.

The day dawned bright for the opening of the Erie Canal, and a procession of citizens moved down the main street of the city headed by a band and a company of riflemen, followed by workmen with spades. Governor Clinton and other distinguished men in carriages brought up the rear. They marched to the Erie Basin where the governor boarded the canal-boat, *Seneca Chief*, gay with flags and streamers.

After brief speeches the *Seneca Chief*, towed by horses, set out on its journey to the Hudson River amid the wildest cheers of the people that gathered along the banks. The canal-boat led a tandem fleet that bore two Indian boys, a bear, and two eagles, typical of America before the coming of the white man. At the start a cannon was fired, then another repeated the shots five miles farther down the canal, and so on to the end of the route. And in this way the news was carried to Albany in less than two hours.

From Albany Governor Clinton proceeded down the Hudson to New York City



Locks at Lockport

and out into the bay, where he solemnly poured a keg of Lake Erie's water into the sea. Thus were mingled the waters of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean.

Not only was the cost of transportation made much less by the opening of this canal, giving a market to merchandise and manufactures, but people hastened to buy farms along its banks, and towns were soon built. It was not long before New York became the Empire state and New York City the great metropolis of our country.

THE FIRST RAILWAY

Five years before the beginning of the Erie Canal, John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, addressed a memoir to that commission appointed to devise water communication between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. In this memoir he urged, instead of a canal, the immediate construction of a railway.

At this time, although short railroads for carrying coal had been in use in England for upward of two hundred years, there was not a locomotive or passenger car in use in the world.

In 1814 Stevens applied to the state of New Jersey for a charter to build a railroad from New York to Philadelphia. He received the charter and located the road, but nothing more was done. This was the first railroad charter granted in the United States.

Later, to show the operation of the locomotive on the railroad, Stevens built at Hoboken a model railway, and placed on it a locomotive which carried six

people at the rate of twelve miles an hour. This was the first locomotive that ever ran on a railway in this country.

It is interesting to note that John Stevens' sons gave their attention to railroad interests, and one of them founded the Stevens Institute at Hoboken, where to-day many young men study engineering.



The model railroad on exhibition

As a young man John Stevens had advantages. He was graduated from King's College, now Columbia University; and his father was a member of our Continental Congress.

But there was another man in the history of our railroads whose early life was one of poverty and struggle — Peter Cooper. He was born in New York City, February 12th, 1791. His father was a hatter, and as soon as Peter was old enough to pick fur from the rabbit skins used in making hats, he was set to

work. He attended school only two months of his life. "I have never had any time to get an education," he later remarked, "and all that I know now I have had to pick up as I went along."

He remained in the hat business with his father until he had mastered it in all its details. After he had finished his labors for the day, he would work till late at night with some carvers' tools in order to add to his small income.

Later he went into the cloth-shearing business with his brother. For some time they succeeded very well, but after our second war with England their business was so injured by the introduction of foreign cloths that Peter Cooper left it. By his perseverance and industry he managed to save enough money to buy a woolen factory. He arose from one step to another, and finally erected iron works at Canton, near Baltimore, where he built from his own designs the first locomotive ever turned out in America.

The Cooper Institute, in New York City, was founded by Peter Cooper for the purpose of helping poor boys. He said, "I resolved that I would repay every benefit which I had received by conferring an equal benefit on some of my fellow men."

Peter Cooper, like his great contemporary George Stephenson, of England, may be looked upon as the pioneer of the locomotive in our country. Stephenson also began life among humble conditions. His boyhood was spent in a small colliery village. His work was to clean coal of stone, slate, and other impurities. Later he became an engineer in a mine. He never

allowed an opportunity to pass without improving himself in the knowledge of his engine. While others would be spending their time and earnings in drinking and idle sports, George employed himself in taking to pieces his engine to note every peculiarity about it.

When he was sixteen years of age he could not read, nor did he even know his letters. Later he attended night school. He persevered and at eighteen he could write his own name. His few leisure moments during the day were spent in working out the sums on his slate, and in the evening he handed the slate to his teacher for examination.

When he was twenty-six years of age he completed his first locomotive. At that time every part of the engine had to be made by hand and hammered into shape. There were those who laughed at him and did not believe in his invention. One foolish man asked, "Mr. Stephenson, what would you do if your engine were going at rapid speed and a cow got in front of it?" "It would be very bad for the cow," replied the inventor. The successful experiments of George Stephenson were watched by our country.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railway was the first railway in the United States. It was the road upon which the first locomotive built in this country by Peter Cooper was successfully introduced in 1829. The first passenger train was run on this road in 1830, but the cars were drawn by horses the first year. The first passenger cars were merely stage-coaches on the rails.

The construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-

way was commenced by laying a corner-stone July 4th, 1828. A great crowd gathered to take part in the imposing ceremonies. Charles Carroll, then over ninety years of age, the only survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, laid the corner-stone. "I consider this among the most important acts of my life," he said, "second only to my signing



From an old cut

The first Baltimore and Ohio railroad train

the Declaration of Independence, if even it be second to that."

Probably the greatest change of all in the life of our country was made by the railroads; and to-day the United States ranks first in the number of miles of railway. The luxurious parlor-car, the comfortable sleeping-car, and the dining-car were all first used in America.

CHAPTER V

THE TIMES OF JACKSON AND VAN BUREN



JOHAN QUINCY ADAMS served only one term and then, in 1829, Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, became our seventh President. We remember him in the Battle of New Orleans. He was the first one of our Presidents who came from the country west of the Alleghany Mountains. The party that elected Jackson was first called Republican, but his followers changed the name to Democratic, and it is known by that name to-day.

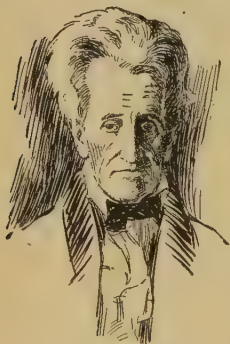
PRESIDENT JACKSON

Unlike his predecessors, Andrew Jackson came of a poor family. They emigrated from Ireland and settled in South Carolina. Here Andrew's father bought a little farm on which he built a log house and began to clear away the forest. But the family's happiness in their forest home was soon to end.

The elder Jackson became ill and died, leaving his wife and three little sons. The mother was a noble

woman, brave and industrious; she and her two older boys supported the family.

When Andrew was old enough, he was sent to a little log schoolhouse in a pine forest near his home. He learned readily, and was soon able to read and write. The bare-footed, freckle-faced boy with beaming eyes was known among the school children as "mischievous little Andy." He was fond of sports, especially riding, hunting, and wrestling, nor was there a boy to be found in all that region so full of courage as he. We are told that he had a violent temper and that the boys were afraid of Andy when he was "mad all over."

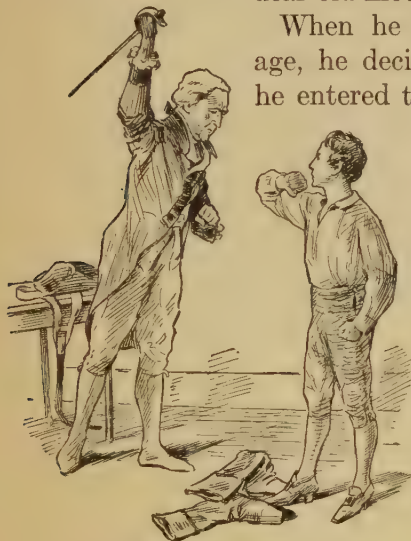


Andrew Jackson
Seventh president

When he was only fourteen years of age, he was taken prisoner by the English in the Revolutionary War. An officer commanded him to clean his muddy boots, but young Jackson answered, "Sir, I am a prisoner of war and claim to be treated as such." At this reply the Englishman drew his sword and struck a terrible blow at the boy's head, the scars of which remained to the end of his life.

Later he became ill with smallpox. His mother succeeded in procuring his release from prison, and she nursed him back to health. But it was not long before this loving mother was seized with a fever while far from home and aiding the suffering soldiers. She died and was buried near by, and years afterward her

son searched for her grave, but he could not find it. He never forgot, however, the lessons that she had taught him. When he became a lawyer, he would often, in the heat of an argument, quote some homely saying and then remark, "That I learned from my dear old mother."



Young Jackson and the British officer

When he was eighteen years of age, he decided to study law; and he entered the law office of one of the leading lawyers of the state of North Carolina. Three years later he went to Tennessee, which was then the far West. He settled in Nashville and there became public prosecutor, that is, the lawyer who brings criminals to justice. He loved justice and the right, and the

lawbreakers soon came to fear and hate him.

When Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a state, Jackson was elected to Congress. He now had a long journey to make, nearly 800 miles, to Philadelphia, where Congress then met. There were no railways in those days, and he had to make this journey on horseback. As he entered Philadelphia, he must have looked like a true backwoodsman — tall, lank,

uncouth, with long hair done up in a cue and tied at the back with an eelskin.

Later he was elected to the United States Senate, but Senator Jackson preferred private citizenship, and he resigned from the Senate within a year. He had not been long in private life when he was elected to a position in the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Here he showed iron nerve. When he became angry no criminal could stand before him. He despised crime and the oppression of the poor.

✓ When he was married he moved with his wife to a large farm not far from Nashville. On this farm he built a fine house and named it The Hermitage.

He became a leader of the Tennessee militia; we remember them in the War of 1812. As the general he showed his power of endurance. One time, during the war, he was leading a body of infantry home after a campaign. Instead of mounting his horse, General Jackson insisted that a soldier who was ill should ride him, and he would walk. As they were plodding along, some one remarked, "The General is tough." Another added, "As tough as hickory." From this he soon came to be known as "Old Hickory," a name he retained as long as he lived.

Another story is told of his military career. He was known as a poor speller. One morning he greatly puzzled an officer by writing the letters "O. K." on certain papers that he had to examine. "What do those letters mean?" questioned the officer. "Why, *all correct*, of course," answered the General.

When it came time to elect a new President, Old

Hickory, the sturdy Indian fighter, was chosen. A few weeks after the election, his wife died, and this was the greatest sorrow of his life. It is said that he never recovered from the shock. His friends declared that he aged twenty years in one day because of her death. As long as he lived he never retired at night without looking at her picture. Scarcely was the funeral over when he had to begin his long journey to Washington.

On the day of the inauguration the Capitol was crowded with vast throngs of people who had assembled to see General Jackson made President. After the ceremony the new President rode on horseback to the White House amidst the enthusiasm of the people. Here the mob seemed to have control — they mounted the velvet-covered sofas and the damask-satin chairs with their muddy boots. But this did not annoy Old Hickory. "Let the boys have a good time once in four years," he said.

When he entered upon his duties as President, one of the first things that he did was to give positions to those who had aided in his election. In order to find places he dismissed many office-holders. "To the victors belong the spoils," replied a senator to those who objected. We cannot admire President Jackson for doing this. Persons who aid elections because they expect to be rewarded with offices do not always work for good government. Civil service reform has done away with much of the evil to-day.

One of the most difficult questions that President Jackson had to face was in regard to South Carolina.

This state objected to a high tax on goods sold in the United States from foreign countries. This is called a tariff. The Northern states manufactured articles and they desired a high tariff or tax on foreign imports so that home goods would be bought. But South Carolina said, "We do not want protection, as our

CHARLESTON MERCURY

EXTRA:

Passed continuously at 5.15 o'clock, P. M., December 30/A, 1860.

AN EXTRAPLICE

It denounces the Ordinance between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the name of "The Constitution of the United States of America."

It is a solemn protest and a warning, and is a solemn protest and a warning, and is a solemn protest and a warning.

That the Ordinance adopted by the Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was nullified, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, relating to the nullification of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the order now existing between South Carolina and other States, under the name of "The United States of America," is hereby dissolved.

THE

UNION DISSOLVED!

A South Carolina
Proclamation

General Scott." Not long after this, the great peace-maker, Henry Clay, urged Congress to lessen the duties; it did and the trouble was settled.

Jackson served his country two terms, and he then retired to private life, to The Hermitage in Tennessee, where he died at the age of seventy-eight. His body was laid to rest beside that of his wife in a little garden of The Hermitage.

people do not manufacture goods. We desire a low tariff, so that we can buy foreign products at a low price. We will declare the act to be of no force, we will nullify it." It was about this time that Daniel Webster replied in the Senate to Governor Hayne, of South Carolina, in the speech to which we have already referred.

President Jackson was determined that the laws of the country must be obeyed. When he heard that the nullification act had been passed by South Carolina, he dashed his corn-cob pipe on the floor in a rage and cried, "By the Eternal, I'll fix 'em. Send for

History tells us that President Jackson was an honest man and loved his country, and no one could ever accuse him of selfish ambition.

INDIAN WARS

During our second war with England, you remember, Tecumseh and his followers had aided the English. When the war was over, the Indians thought that the English would arrange in the Treaty of Ghent to have their lands in Alabama restored to them. In this they were disappointed. The Seminole Indians there made an attempt to take their lands by force.

President Monroe then sent fifteen hundred soldiers to bring them to order, for they were murdering the white men. The leader was Old Hickory, the sturdy Indian fighter. He soon drove the red men back into Florida, which was still owned by Spain. The following year, 1819, our country made a treaty with Spain whereby she sold us Florida for five million dollars.

After the purchase of Florida the Seminoles agreed to give up their land and go to the other side of the Mississippi River; but they were not true to the agreement. And now, in 1835, when Jackson was President, there was another Indian outbreak.

Osceola, the great chief of the Seminoles, defiantly driving his knife into a table, declared: "The only treaty I will execute is with this." It was not long before there was a dreadful Indian massacre led by Osceola. He assassinated and scalped General Thompson, our Government agent, while he was dining with

friends, and other Indians surprised Major Dade in Wahoo swamp, where he and one hundred of his men were slain.

But the Indian warfare did not end here. The savage Seminoles hid in the Everglades and made treacherous attacks. Many of our men died in the swamps of fevers and of the bites of poisonous snakes.



Osceola's defiance

The red man's power was weakened, however, and they were beaten at Lake Okechobee. General Jessup, our commander in Florida, made a treaty with Osceola, but the Seminole chief disdainfully trampled it under foot. It was not long before he came to General Jessup under a flag of truce.

Knowing the chief's untrustworthy character, Jessup made him a prisoner in Fort Moultrie, near

Charleston, where he later died of a fever. There were those who criticized General Jessup for violating the sanctity of a flag of truce, but he thought himself justified in doing it.

Other Indian fights took place in Alabama, where the Indians attacked mail-carriers, stage-coaches on lonely roads, and in the towns the people were in constant terror, not knowing what moment there would be an

Indian outbreak. But the Seminoles were finally overcome, and years afterward they made homes in Indian Territory, where they had schools and became industrious farmers.

There is a story told of a brave young officer in the Seminole War. Heading his troops, he cried, "Follow me, I'm the only officer left, boys; but we'll all do the best we can," and he died while doing his best.

President Jackson had another Indian war during his term of office — the Black Hawk War in 1832. Two Indian tribes, the Sacs and the Foxes, of Illinois and Wisconsin, after selling their lands to our Government, refused to give them up to the settlers. Thereupon the Governor of Illinois called for volunteers, and among them was Abraham Lincoln, a young man of twenty-three, who was chosen captain of a company. He took command and with his company of foot-soldiers marched to the disputed territory, where they joined the main army. Lincoln was not versed in military language, and one day, when they came to a fence with a turnstile, Captain Lincoln shouted, "This company is dissolved for two minutes; it will form in line again on the other side of the fence."

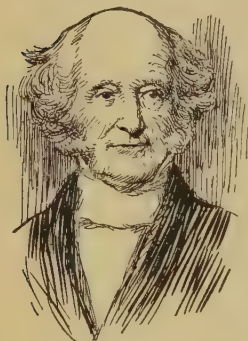
There were a few slight battles, and the war continued three months. Then the Indian chief, Black Hawk, agreed to keep on his own side of the river and, unlike Osceola, he was true to his promise. Sometime later he visited our Eastern states, and he then saw what a mighty power the United States was becoming.

Captain Lincoln did not fight any battles with the Indians in this war; but years afterward, in a witty

speech made in Congress alluding to the war, he said, "Mr. Speaker, in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away—I had a great many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

HARD TIMES

Our next President was Martin Van Buren, who succeeded Andrew Jackson in 1837, and served four years.



Martin Van Buren
Eighth president

Van Buren's boyhood days were spent in Kinderhook, an old Dutch village in New York. Here he received his early education in a dilapidated weather-beaten schoolhouse. Later he attended Kinderhook Academy, where he learned a little Latin; and at fourteen years of age he entered the law office of Francis Sylvester. Here he remained until his twentieth year.

In this office his duties were more than to read law—he had to do the work of a janitor and errand boy as well as to serve papers and copy technical forms. Before Martin was out of his teens he successfully summed up a case before a jury against his master, Francis Sylvester. He was so small that the judge ordered him to stand upon a bench. "There, Mat," said he, "beat your master," and he did.

Van Buren completed his course of law studies in New York City and then returned to Kinderhook, where he began the practise of his profession. His career as a lawyer was not a long one, but it was brilliant and highly successful.

It was now March 4, 1837, the day for the inauguration of the new President. Andrew Jackson had served his country two terms, and he was retiring from office amid the same enthusiasm which attended him when he entered it. During his second term Martin Van Buren had been Vice-President.

On this day of inauguration the retiring president and the President-elect rode together from the White House to the Capitol in a phaeton made from the old timber of the frigate *Constitution*. Van Buren delivered his inaugural address in which he paid a tribute to his predecessor, "I know that I cannot expect to perform the arduous task with equal ability and success. For him I but express, with my own, the wishes of all, that he many yet long live to enjoy the brilliant evening of his well spent life." And a few days later he gave an affectionate farewell to Andrew Jackson, who then left the White House for The Hermitage in Tennessee.

So many improvements had been made and our country was growing so rapidly that when Jackson left



The Hermitage

the presidency he said, "I leave this great people prosperous and happy." But this prosperity was to receive a blow.

The Government had more money than it could use from the sale of public lands and from duties on various articles. What did it do with this surplus? It deposited the money in banks, and these banks lent it to men who speculated in railroads, canals, and Western lands. And when Congress suddenly decided to divide the money among the states the banks called upon the borrowers to return it. This they could not do and there was trouble.

Then, too much paper money had been issued. The President had said, "Those who buy Western land must pay for it in gold or silver." The banks now refused to lend money, nor would they exchange coin for paper money, and this "rag money," as it was called, was at a discount, far below the value of gold or silver. What was the result? Business houses failed, mills stopped, and there was a period of hard times.

President Van Buren called an extra session of Congress to deal with the money question, and in his message he recommended the establishment of an independent treasury where the money of the Government was to be deposited when not in use. But Congress did not pass the measure at this session; it was not until 1840 that it became a law. And to-day the independent treasury, from its branches in many cities, is called the sub-treasury. By it the country is relieved from its dependence on the banks for the care of public money.

There were those who blamed the President and his party for the crisis of 1837, but it was the natural course of events. Men were too eager to become rich suddenly and there was wild speculation.

The money troubles, however, made Van Buren and the Democratic party unpopular, and he served but one term.

Who was our next President? William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. He was elected by the Whig party, whose leader was Henry Clay. There were those who desired Clay to be President, but his positive outspoken ways made many enemies, and when he saw that there was dissension, he withdrew his name. "I would rather be right," he said, "than be President." John Tyler, an ardent follower, wept when he saw that Clay had no chance. What did Harrison's friends then do to get the support of the followers of Clay? They nominated John Tyler for Vice-President.



William Henry Harrison
Ninth President

And now the cry of the Whig party was, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Great mass meetings were held, addressed by Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and other orators.

A Democratic newspaper made a sneering remark in regard to the Ohio backwoodsman — the Whig nominee, William Henry Harrison. "He would be more in his element in a log cabin with a barrel of hard

cider than in the White House at Washington," this paper said. How did the Whigs answer this? They made the log cabin and the barrel of cider the symbols of the campaign. Pictures of log cabins were seen everywhere and there were real log cabins in the parade.

Horace Greeley started a paper in New York which he called the *Log Cabin*. It printed campaign songs that became popular at the mass meetings:



John Tyler
Tenth president

"Now join the throng and swell the song,
Extend the circle wider;
And let us on for Harrison,
Log cabin and hard cider.

His cabin's fit and snug and neat,
And full and free his larder;
And though his cider may be hard,
The times are vastly harder."

And the log-cabin candidate was elected. It was not long before President Harrison was besieged with office-seekers. He tried to please them all and worked till late at night. It was only a month after his inauguration when he died of pneumonia at the age of sixty-eight. "The principles of government, I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more," these were his last words.

He was the first President who died in office, and the Vice-President, John Tyler, became President.

SAMUEL MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH

During the hard times of this period the inventive minds of men were at work to make life easier.

You remember how the news of the completion of the Erie Canal was carried to New York. That was before the time of the electric telegraph. In the middle of the nineteenth century a great change took place in the method of sending news, and it was due to the invention of the electric telegraph by Samuel F. B. Morse. Little did Benjamin Franklin know what his kite flying and studies in electricity would bring to pass.

Like Benjamin Franklin, Morse was a Boston boy. His father was the Rev. Jedediah Morse, a New England clergyman and the author of "American Geography." "Jedediah Morse is always thinking, always writing, always acting," said Daniel Webster. Young Morse's great-grandfather was Samuel Finley, the second president of Princeton College.

When Samuel was four years of age he was sent to school to old Ma'am Rand, who was an invalid. As she was unable to leave her chair she disciplined the children by a long rattan, or she would pin the culprit to her dress. Young Morse showed a taste for drawing, but he chose an unfortunate model — Ma'am Rand's face, and as a result he was pinned to the old lady's dress. When he struggled to free himself, there was another reward — the terrible rattan.

Later he attended Phillips Academy at Andover, where he prepared for Yale College. His father sent letters to him frequently. "You do not write me as often as you ought," wrote the elder Morse when Samuel was only ten years of age, "nothing will improve you so much as letter-writing practise. Take

great pains with your letters. Pay attention to your spelling, the use of capitals, to your handwriting. General Washington was a remarkable instance of what I now recommend to you." In the same letter he advised his son to attend to one thing at a time: "A Dutch statesman was asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business, and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did. He answered, 'There is nothing so easy, for it is only doing one thing at a time, and never putting off till to-morrow anything that can be done to-day.'"

As we read the biography of Samuel Morse, we find that the father's counsel was not lost on his son. He too, like Hamilton and Clay, read Plutarch's "Lives of Great Men." He did not read anything and everything; he did not read many books, but he studied a few thoroughly.

He was now nineteen years of age, a student at Yale College. It was one morning in the class room, when Professor Day was giving a lecture on electricity, that the germ of the telegraph came into young Morse's mind. Years later he wrote, "The fact that the presence of electricity can be made visible in any desired part of the circuit was the crude seed which took root in my mind, and grew up into the invention of the telegraph." He then read anything he could find upon the subject.

But when he was graduated from Yale his ambition was to become a portrait painter and he was sent to England to study under Benjamin West. He learned a lesson from this artist which he said helped him to



From Prime's "Life of Morse"

Morse Making His Own Instruments

persevere in his great life-work — in the invention of the telegraph.

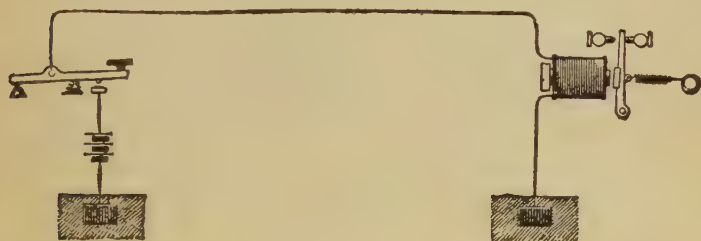
Morse had finished, as he thought, a small clay cast of Hercules. "Very well, sir; very well," said West, handing it back to him, "go on and finish it." "It is finished," was the reply. But the master said "No," and another week was spent on it. "Very well, sir, indeed," said the artist, and returned it as before. "Go back and finish it." Morse was discouraged. "But is it not finished?" he asked. The defects were pointed out, and there were more days of work on the cast. And what was the result? Morse's clay model of the "Dying Hercules" carried off the prize of the Society of Arts, and the gold medal was conferred upon the young American.

In October, 1832, we find him on the ship *Sully*, bound from Havre to New York: Here one evening, with a little company, he discussed his favorite subject — electricity. A gentleman who had been attending scientific lectures in Paris was telling of the wonderful experiments that he had seen with the electro-magnet. "Is the velocity of the electricity retarded by the length of the wire?" asked one. "Oh, no," was the answer, "it passes instantly through any length of wire." And this gave Morse the idea of the recording telegraph. "I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted by electricity," he said.

He walked the deck alone until late in the night. "If the current of electricity is interrupted, a spark will appear," he said to himself. "Why not make that spark represent a letter, a part of speech, a num-

ber? Why not make the absence of the spark a part of speech? In short, why not have an alphabet which shall be the voice of electricity?" And before morning dawned he made such an alphabet in his notebook.

During the remainder of the voyage he was working out his idea. "Well, captain," he said when the ship reached New York, "should you ever hear of the telegraph, remember that the discovery was made on the good ship *Sully*." And ten years later, the date



The Morse Telegraph

of the invention of the Morse electro-magnetic recording telegraph was fixed in the autumn of 1832.

He met with many discouragements, however, before success really crowned his efforts. He must build a line if he would show the world what his telegraph could do, and a line could not be built without money.

He applied to Congress, but members laughed at the idea. "Why not give him money to build a railroad to the moon?" one sneeringly inquired. After repeated efforts he asked our Government for thirty thousand dollars. "There is no use in your staying here," said a senator, "the Senate is not in sympathy with

your project. Give it up, Morse. Go home and think no more about it." "I have spent seven years and all I had perfecting this invention," he said to a friend. "If the bill for appropriation fails, I am ruined — I have not enough money to pay my board bill."

He returned to his boarding-house with the thought that he had done his best to accomplish what he had believed was for the good of mankind. The next morning he met Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the first Commissioner of Patents. Her face was beaming with joy. "I have come to congratulate you, Professor Morse," she said. "Upon what?" he asked. "Upon the passage of your bill by the Senate. Am I the first to tell you of the good news?" "You must be mistaken," he replied. "But father sent me to tell you about it," she persisted; "it was the last bill passed."

A little more than a year from that time, when the line between Washington and Baltimore was completed, Annie Ellsworth sent the first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph: "What hath God wrought?"

Samuel Morse lived to see his name honored in all civilized lands. He died in 1872, and his biographer said of him, "He left to his children a spotless and illustrious name, and to his country the honor of having given birth to the only electro-magnetic recording telegraph whose line is gone out through all the earth and its words to the end of the world."

CHAPTER VI

OUR COUNTRY'S GROWTH



The Spanish
Standard

THE word "telegraph" means "far-writing," and this far-writing, writing at a distance, did much for our country. When Benjamin Franklin died, there were places where he was well known that probably did not receive the news of his death until many months had passed. Eighty years later Samuel Morse died, and the telegraph gave the news to the world in a flash.

It is difficult for us in this age of electric appliances to go back to a time before gas was discovered for heating and illuminating, before matches were invented, before the farmer had the reaper which enables one man to do the work of many. In our country's growth we owe as much to the inventors as we do to our great statesmen.

Besides these improvements, our country grew rapidly in territory, and now the large state, Texas, desired to come into the Union.

"THE LONE STAR STATE" AND DAVID CROCKETT

In the early history of our country, Mexico, the land southwest of the United States, belonged to Spain, but in 1824 it became independent and set up a republic of its own. This republic claimed Texas, the land between the Red River and the Gulf of Mexico, and as Mexico was eager to have the country settled, it offered large grants of land for almost nothing.

Many people from our states took advantage of this. The Mexican laws, however, became so severe that Stephen Austin and Samuel Houston, who owned large



The Alamo

tracts of land, urged the people to rebel and form a government of their own. They finally won their independence, but not without a struggle.

In an unguarded moment, in the spring of 1836, four thousand Mexicans, led by their president, Santa Anna, approached the little village of San Antonio. A hundred and fifty brave Texans rushed to the Alamo, an old Spanish stone church, where they determined to keep the enemy at bay; but they were finally overcome, and all but six of the men in the fort were killed.

What became of these six? They were taken prisoners. They begged for mercy, but the order of Santa Anna was, "Kill them, every one of them," and not a brave defender of the Alamo was left. One

of the six men was David Crockett, the Tennessee pioneer.

Davie Crockett, as he was popularly known, had spent most of his life in the wilds of Tennessee. His early home was a log hut, and a wretched one at that. When he was but twelve years of age, his father hired him to a drover to help drive a herd of cattle through the wilderness a distance of four hundred miles.

How was Davie to reach home again? He was to solve that problem for himself. The drover would not permit him to return, so the boy decided to run away. For several months he tramped through the snow, impatient to reach his journey's end. Where he slept and what he ate we do not know, but he finally reached his home. When he was fifteen years of age he thought that he ought to know how to read. He worked two days of the week for his board, and the other four days he attended a little log schoolhouse. But this arrangement did not last long — only six months. In that time he had learned a little of the "three R's" — reading, writing, and arithmetic. This ended his school career.

Later he was married and he and his little family moved to western Tennessee. Their bedding of furs and the spinning-wheel were put on the backs of the horses, and thus they journeyed for over two hundred and fifty miles. David then hewed down trees, built a log cabin, made some furniture — a table and several three-legged stools. What did they have to eat? David would go out hunting, and as he was a good marksman he would bring home plenty of game —

wild turkey and venison — and then there was a stream near his log cabin filled with fish.

Now came our second war with England, and Crockett was one of the volunteers who fought under General Jackson. He made it lively for the soldiers for he was witty and a good story-teller.

When he returned to his home he became restless, and again the family set out for a new abode — this time southern Tennessee. Here were other settlers, and among them were thieves. The popular Davie Crockett was made magistrate. But warrants had to be made in writing, and David could hardly write his name. He thereupon set to work to learn, and it was not long before he could write a warrant.

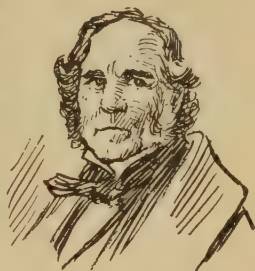
Later he became a candidate for the legislature. He was elected and, encouraged with this success, it was not long before he announced himself for Congress. Again he was successful and served six years.

Although David Crockett lacked culture, his speeches in Congress contained many original sayings, some of which we hear to-day. When an opponent strayed from his subject, Crockett told him that he was “barking up the wrong tree.” Another saying of his is often quoted, “Be sure you are right, then go ahead.”

He was nominated again for Congress but he failed to be elected. He then left Tennessee and went to Texas.

In the war between Texas and Mexico, Samuel Houston led the Texans, and it was not long after the brutal massacre of Fort Alamo that the battle of San Jacinto was fought. The Mexican army was more than twice the size of the Texan, and then General

Houston had but two small cannon, but he made everything tell. First he ordered a discharge from the cannon, and this caused the Mexicans to fall back. He then sent several men to burn the bridge over which Santa Anna and his forces had come. Next he led his army of seven hundred men to fall upon the Mexicans. When within two hundred feet, the Texans rushed upon the enemy, at the same time giving their cry, "Remember the Alamo." Santa Anna and his army fled in confusion. They hurried to cross the bridge, but it was burned to ashes.



Samuel Houston

The next morning the President of Mexico was found hiding in the deep prairie grass. "I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a prisoner of war at your disposal," he said. "You can afford to be generous; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

What did General Houston do? Had he forgotten the Alamo? No, indeed, but he allowed Santa Anna his freedom — not, however, until he promised to send the Mexican army from the soil of Texas and never again to take up arms against its people.

Santa Anna promised, and Texas became an independent state and General Houston was its first president. A flag was adopted with a single star, and that is the reason Texas was called the "Lone Star state."

Eight years later the "Lone Star state" asked to

come into the Union. The North said, "We do not desire Texas, she holds slaves." The South, however, was eager for her admission. "It will increase the power of the slave-holder," said the slave states. Several years later, in 1845, she was admitted. Even to-day this largest state in the Union is sometimes called the "Lone Star state."

OREGON AND DR. WHITMAN

The Democrats were again in power, and James K. Polk became our President in 1845. He was the son of a North Carolina farmer and was the oldest of ten children. But in time he became governor of Tennessee and later was in Congress fourteen years.



James K. Polk
Eleventh president

It was in 1845, just before his inauguration, that Texas was admitted into the Union, and during his presidency the great Oregon territory was added.

You remember that in the early chapters of this book we told of Robert Gray, the Rhode Islander who entered that great river of the Pacific coast and called it the Columbia. Because of this, and because of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the United States claimed this land; but the English also claimed it.

In his journal Lewis told what great opportunities this land offered for trading in furs with the Indians; and it was not long after this that John Jacob Astor, a rich New York merchant, sent out a company of

traders who founded a town at the mouth of the Columbia River and called it Astoria. But when another party went up the Columbia, they found a stake driven into the ground and bound around it was a paper upon which was written, "Know hereby that this country is claimed by England."

During our second war with England, an English fur-trading company took possession of Astoria and for a time the Columbia River was under the control of England. At the close of the war our country and England agreed that either could settle and trade in Oregon.

And soon a great chain of trading posts was established. It is said that some traders had told Bible stories to a tribe of Indians, and four of these red men became so eager to see the "white man's Book of Heaven" that they journeyed many hundred miles, to St. Louis, to get it, but two of the Indians died on the way.



This story of the Indians seeking the Bible reached the ears of missionaries in the East and

"Know hereby that this country is claimed by England"

a company of them went from New England to Oregon. Among them were Dr. Marcus Whitman



Map of Whitman's route

and his young wife. The Indians were taught not only about the white man's God, but they learned to read and write and to till the soil.

It was not long before Dr. Whitman saw that the English were sending many settlers into Oregon. "The President and Congress ought to know that English emigrants are crowding Americans out of this fertile country," he said.

But how were they to find out? There was no Morse telegraph to flash the news, there was not even a postal system from Oregon, no railways and trains on which to send a messenger. It was now mid-winter and more than three thousand miles had to be traveled by means of horses to make the journey to Washington. Yet Whitman thought that there should be no delay. Then, too, a rumor came that the Board of Missions in the East were talking about giving up the support of this mission station in Oregon. "This dare not be," said Whitman, "for every year brings emigrants from the east."

With a bold resolve he determined to make the daring journey himself and it was not long before Dr. Whitman, with only one companion, started for Washington. It was not an easy journey over mountains, through forests, in blinding snow-storms and with little food.

After three months of hardships they reached St. Louis, and the journey to Washington became easier. Dr. Whitman told the people of the east of the wonders of the Pacific Coast and he aroused interest in his mission; and when he returned in June he led a company of a thousand people, with two hundred emigrant

wagons, to Oregon. It was not long before our settlers outnumbered the English.

We then asked England to fix the boundary between Oregon and Alaska at $54^{\circ} 40'$, north latitude, but she refused. "We cannot give up so much land," she answered. Then our cry was, "Fifty-four forty or fight," but England would not yield. President Polk said in his inaugural address, "The title of our country to Oregon is clear, our people are going from the East to the Pacific Coast, and our Government ought to protect them and their interests." Then we made a concession, and 49° was agreed upon, each country taking about half of Oregon. To-day our portion is divided into three great states — Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

What became of the self-sacrificing Dr. Whitman? The story of his end is a sad one. An epidemic of measles broke out among the children of the settlers and among the little Indians. Dr. Whitman attended them. The white children seemed to recover rapidly, but many of the Indians died. "Whitman is a sorcerer," said the red man, "and he is causing our children to die." What did they then do? In their blind superstition they seized their good friend and his wife, and tortured them to death.

THE MEXICAN WAR AND GENERAL TAYLOR

Texas had now come into the Union, but there was still trouble with Mexico. That country seemed bent on a quarrel. President Polk did not desire it, he made an effort to settle the question by treaty; and this might have been done had Mexico been willing to

yield certain points. "Texas has no right as an independent state to seek and receive admission into the United States," she said. And then she insisted that the dividing line should be the Nueces River, while Texas laid claim to the Rio Grande.

President Polk, fearing an attack, sent General Zachary Taylor to the disputed territory. And not many days passed before General Taylor received a letter from the Mexican general, Ampudia. "Your Government has not only insulted but has provoked the Mexican nation," he wrote, "and in this case, by orders of my Government, I require you to break up your camp and retire to the other bank of the Nueces River. If you insist upon remaining upon the soil, it will clearly result that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question."

What was General Taylor's answer? "The instruction under which I am acting will not permit me to go back from the position I now occupy. I regret the alternative which you offer, but, at the same time, wish it understood that I shall by no means avoid such an alternative, leaving the responsibility with those who rashly commence hostilities."

It was not long after this that war was declared. General Taylor did not wait for more soldiers to arrive, but marched on and defeated the Mexicans near the mouth of the Rio Grande, although they outnumbered him. The enemy fled across the river, but Taylor pursued them and captured Matamoros. He then moved up the Rio Grande to besiege Monterey, one of the most strongly fortified cities of Mexico.

As he looked through his field-glass, what did General Taylor see? At the stone bridge entrance to the city were enveloping entrenchments; on the near bank was a strong redoubt, manned with four heavy guns, above that a second redoubt with three guns. These, with the citadel, formed a system of works guarding the northern and eastern approaches.

Then the city was defended by a garrison of ten thousand men under General Ampudia. He had, it is true, superior numbers and a third more cannon than General Taylor, but the little American army was well disciplined and well commanded.

The attack began. The Mexicans did their best to defend the city, but our men fought desperately. And on the third day cheer followed cheer as the flag of Mexico came down and the Stars and Stripes went up to the top of the citadel. Our loss was five hundred in killed and wounded — nearly one tenth of all our men, while the Mexican loss was over one thousand.

We are told that in this battle a Mexican woman was busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded of both armies. Later, as she was returning on her mission of mercy, bringing more bread and water for others, the report of a gun was heard. The next day her body was found with the bread by her side, and the broken pitcher with a few drops of water still in it.

As General Taylor was fearless and ready to endure the hardships of his soldiers, he was called "Rough and Ready." College boys translated this nickname

into Latin, and it became a motto for many a class seal and badge throughout the country.

His favorite horse, and the one he was riding on his approach to Monterey, was named by the soldiers "Whitey," or, fondly, "Old Whitey." Its color was indeed a cause for special peril, but General Taylor never appeared to think of that. The story goes that he and several of his staff rode to a prominent knoll to make observations, when a Mexican battery commander poured some shot upon them. "We'll be killed here!" cried one of Taylor's staff. "Upon my word," replied the General, "I do believe the rascals want to hit me." Then

an officer begged him to retire to a safer place. "Well," said the General, who had been sitting all the time with his leg over the saddle, closely scanning the movements of the enemy, "let us ride up nearer, and then the balls will go over us." He thereupon rode forward to another hardly less exposed place where he could keep in view the operating forces.



Santa Anna

Soon after the storming of Monterey General Ampudia was made a prisoner by the order of Santa Anna, who now took command of the Mexican army. General

Winfield Scott was commander-in-chief of the American army, and, as he desired to lead an expedition against the city of Mexico, he made a demand for the greater part of General Taylor's forces. It was with deep regret that Taylor gave up his brave soldiers.

When Santa Anna heard that General Taylor was left in such a weakened condition, he gathered an army of twenty thousand to go against him. First he sent a message to Taylor with the promise that if he would surrender his little army, it would receive kind treatment. But the answer went back — "General Taylor never surrenders."

Then a dreadful battle occurred — the Battle of Buena Vista. There was fighting from early morning until darkness closed over the field.

"Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let thy cool gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons! drop thy curtain over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled;

In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold!"

And when the first gray streaks of dawn approached, no enemy was in sight. "The army has fled, the field is ours," was the American cry. Tears of joy rolled down General Taylor's cheeks when he saw that the day was won. It was his last battle of the war. The name of Zachary Taylor was sounded throughout the country. Texas was cleared forever from Mexican control, and the Rio Grande was established as the permanent boundary.

Two years later, 1848, General Taylor was elected President of the United States. But he served as President only a little more than a year, when he died. "I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully" — these were among his last words. As the funeral procession passed through the streets of Washington, Old Whitey was led behind the coffin, bearing an empty saddle.



Zachary Taylor
Twelfth president

CALIFORNIA, THE "GOLDEN STATE"

General Winfield Scott was one of the heroes in the Mexican War. Like Andrew Jackson he said that he owed much to his mother. Later in life he wrote, "If I have achieved anything worthy of being written, anything that my countrymen are likely to honor in the next century, it is from the lessons of my mother that I derived the inspiration."

It is said that young Winfield in his seventh year ran off and hid when he was told one Sunday morning to dress for church. He was found and brought back to his mother, who had a switch from a Lombardy poplar ready for him. The little truant saw it; but before it could be applied, he quoted a verse from the Bible that he had read the day before, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and

cast into the fire." The mother thought the quotation so apt that she withheld the punishment, but the little offender was not spared a very wholesome lesson.

One of his earliest teachers was a Quaker, James Hargrave, who tried to teach his young pupil to govern his temper. Hargrave was also a county surveyor and was one day attacked by a bully who charged him with running a false dividing line. At this moment young Scott appeared upon the scene, and what did he do?



American troops approaching the cathedral of the city of Mexico

He felled the "bully" to the ground with one blow of his fist. Years afterward, Scott met his Quaker teacher, who, referring to the incident, said, "Friend Winfield, I always told thee not to fight, but as thou wouldst fight, I am glad that thou wert not beaten." And in the Mexican War he was not beaten.

Santa Anna had gathered together his broken army after his defeat at Buena Vista. He now desired to check General Scott, who was marching toward the city of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo the two armies met and another terrible battle was fought and another victory was gained for the Americans. General Scott

then went toward the Capitol, and after several hard battles the city of Mexico was taken, and the war was declared at an end.

The treaty of peace was signed in the spring of 1848, and that vast region known to-day as California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and part of Wyoming was ceded to our country. Although Mexico was helpless and could not demand payment, we did the honorable act and gave her fifteen million dollars for the territory.

Little knew the Mexican Government of the value of the land they were ceding; little knew the buyers of the territory that its soil contained vast wealth and that its rivers flowed over golden beds.

In 1848 Captain Sutter, an emigrant from Switzerland, obtained from the Mexican Government a grant of land in upper California, bounded on the west by the Sacramento River. He built a fort, which was called Sutter's Fort, and in a few years he had great wheat-fields where hundreds of laborers worked, and he had more than ten thousand cattle and many sheep. Indeed, few led a more independent life than he.

He needed lumber for barns and fences, and as there were great trees on his place and the branches of the Sacramento could supply water-power, he said, "I will build a sawmill." So he engaged James Marshall, a carpenter, to do the work for him; and before the winter was over, the sawmill was half completed. A ditch was dug behind the mill to carry off the water.

One morning, late in January, 1848, as Marshall was walking along this ditch, he saw yellow shining

particles in the mud. "Can these particles be gold?" he said to himself. He gathered a handful of the nuggets, mounted his horse, and hurried to Captain Sutter. Greatly excited, he burst into the room and flung on the table before the Captain a handful of glittering scales. "Have you shown these fragments to the work-people at the mill?" eagerly inquired Sutter. "No," was the answer, "I have not spoken to a single person about it." They then agreed not to

mention the circumstance to any one, and arranged to set off early the next day for the mill.



"Panning" gold

But to their astonishment, a few days later, the work-people came up to them in a body and showed them small shining flakes, similar to those they had themselves procured. Mar-

shall laughed at them. "What you have found is only some glittering mineral of little value," he said. "No, no," replied one of the Indian laborers who had worked at a gold mine in Lower California.

There was disappointment enough at this discovery. "These people, no doubt, have been watching our movements, although we have tried not to be seen by them," said the Captain.

Not many months later the news spread, people flocked to the "gold diggings," and the wheat was left

in the fields unharvested. Laborers of every trade left their work-benches, and tradesmen their shops. Sailors deserted their ships as fast as they arrived on the coast, and we are told that several ships went to sea with hardly sufficient hands to spread a sail. Every stream in the valley of the Sacramento was soon explored, and gold was found on every one of its tributaries.

The washings were mainly confined to the low wet grounds and the margins of the streams, and the value of the gold-dust obtained by one man in a day often exceeded fifty

dollars. Some of the men had tin pans, some close-woven Indian baskets, but most of them had a



Miners' cabins

rude machine known as the cradle. This was on rockers, and it was open at the foot, and at its head was a coarse grate, or sieve. Four men were required to work this machine: one dug the ground in the bank close by the stream, another carried it to the cradle and emptied it on the grate, a third gave a violent rocking motion to the machine, while a fourth dashed on water from the stream.

Companies for mining purposes were formed, and emigrants soon crowded every route to the gold region. But many did not reach the Eldorado; they died from lack of food and exposure on the way. And in the gold land itself there was a great deal of suffering

caused by scarcity of food and high prices. A barrel of flour was worth more than fifty dollars and often potatoes were sold for a dollar apiece.

Notwithstanding these hardships, California grew more rapidly in population than any other part of our country, and two years later, in 1850, it was admitted into the Union as a state.

What became of Captain Sutter and James Marshall? As emigrants came into the region of the Sacramento and dug for gold, the Captain's thousands of acres were overrun and his laborers were among the gold seekers. He would have died in poverty if the state of California had not given him help. And James Marshall, the discoverer of this gold region, could not compete with other miners; and, sad to say, years after he had found those shining particles in the ditch behind the mill, he died in poverty and obscurity, alone in his cabin.

OUR COUNTRY'S FIRST GREAT WRITERS

After the Revolutionary War, when men were forming our new government and settling a new country, they had little leisure for writing. It is true, the War for Independence called forth many political speeches and pamphlets, and these belong to our early literature. But in this period men did not write for the sake of writing; in other words, they were not following a literary life as a profession.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the United States could really claim a literature of its own. And Washington Irving may be called the father of our country's literature.

He was born in 1783, the year which marked the end of our long struggle for Independence; and he was born in the city of New York where the Father of our Country was inaugurated President. The English troops were leaving the city and we were taking possession of it when Mrs. Irving was thinking of a name for her child. "Washington's work is ended," she said, "and the child shall be named after him." Six years later, when Washington was inaugurated in New York, a Scotch servant of the family took her young charge out to see the first President. They met Washington. "Please, your honor," said the servant, all aglow, "here's a bairn was named after you." And the General placed his hand on the little boy's head and gave him his blessing. Washington did not know that he was touching the head of his future biographer, for, years afterward, Irving wrote the "Life of Washington."



Washington Irving

Young Irving's father was a strict Presbyterian and saw to it that his children spent the half-holiday in every week with the catechism. The mother was a loving, gentle woman and much more indulgent. But there were times when her little son made her anxious, and she would say, "O Washington! if you were only good."

His school life was rather irregular. He devoured books of travel and voyages, and had a fondness for music and the theater. When very young he composed little plays. Later, unknown to his father, he attended plays at the theater.

He lived much out-of-doors, exploring the country about New York, and years afterward in his "Sketch Book" he gave us the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He would wander up the Hudson River into the highlands, and soon the Catskill region was familiar ground to him, since made classic by his "Story of Rip Van Winkle."

He studied law, but it was distasteful to him; and when he was twenty-six years of age he was still unsettled in his plans. At this time a sorrow came into his life; he became tenderly attached to the lovely Matilda Hoffman, daughter of the lawyer in whose office he had studied. When she was only in her eighteenth year she became ill with consumption and died. Although Washington Irving lived to be seventy-six years of age, he was never married. After his death, in a drawer of which he always kept the key, was found her miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper, on which was written in his own hand "Matilda Hoffman."

Strange to say, at the time of this sorrow he wrote that masterpiece of humor—the "Knickerbocker History of New York." Of this work Sir Walter Scott said, "I read it aloud to my family, and they laughed over its pages till their sides were sore." In it he gives humorous pictures of the early Dutch governors—Walter Van Twiller, whose "head was a

perfect sphere"; and old Peter Stuyvesant with "his brimstone-colored breeches and splendid silver leg."

Washington Irving was the first American author that came to be known in Europe. He had spent a number of years abroad and was a great favorite. During President Tyler's administration Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, suggested that Irving should be our minister to Madrid. His biographer says, "No other appointment could have been made so complimentary to Spain."

Irving's last years were spent at his home, "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, where he died in 1859, and he was buried in the Sleepy Hollow cemetery not far away.

Our country is indebted to him for investing the region of the Hudson River with the enduring charm of story and legend. His popularity never made him proud and arrogant; it was more gratifying to him to be liked than to be admired. He did not look for wrong or evil, but was alive to the virtues and the goodness of his friends. "If I can rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care," he wrote, "or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself—surely I shall not then have written entirely in vain."

Another of our early writers was James Fenimore Cooper. His childhood was spent in central New York, on the very edge of a great forest that stretched for hundreds of miles to the westward. Cooper's father began a little settlement by Otsego Lake. Wild birds—the duck and the gull—frequented the waters of this lake. The great forest that shut in the village on

every side was the haunt of the wildcat, the wolf and the bear, nor was the little settlement free from the alarm of savage attacks. As a boy young Cooper was fond of adventure and sensitive to the charm of scenery, and this was later manifested in his books.

He had written nothing until he was thirty years of age. One afternoon he was reading an English novel. Suddenly he laid down the book and exclaimed,



James Fenimore Cooper

"I believe I could write a better book myself." "Why don't you try?" asked his wife. It was not long after this when a novel entitled "Precaution" made its appearance. But this is not the best or the most popular of his works.

The next year he wrote "The Spy," an account of a patriot spy in our War for Independence. His fourth book was "The Pilot," whose actual hero is John Paul Jones. His most popular writings are the Leather Stocking group. The biographer of Cooper tells us that Natty Bumppo, or Leather Stocking, is perhaps the only great original character that America has added to the literature of the world. His writings became very popular abroad. Samuel Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, wrote, "In every city of Europe that I visited, the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every book-shop."

He died at Cooperstown in 1851, where he had spent

his childhood. Memorial services were held a few months later in New York City. Daniel Webster presided, Washington Irving was present, and William Cullen Bryant delivered the memorial address.

Bryant was the first of our country's poets. It is said that when he was a child he prayed that he might be a poet. At nine he was writing little verses. He was not eighteen years of age when he wrote his greatest poem, "Thanatopsis," which means a view of death. One day the poet's father was looking through the drawers in an old desk when he came upon the manuscript of "Thanatopsis." He was so affected with what he had found that he ran with the poem to an appreciative neighbor, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, read that, it is Cullen's." Without consulting his son, he took it to Boston and gave it to the editor of the *North American Review*; who later read it to his associate editor. "Ah, you have been imposed upon," said the latter; "no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." However, the poem appeared in the magazine.



William Cullen Bryant

Three years after this Bryant wrote "To a Waterfowl." He had studied law and was admitted to the bar; but, like Washington Irving, he, too, found the practise of law distasteful. On a December afternoon he was trudging across the hills to a little village where it was decided that he should begin the practise of his profession. His spirit was depressed

as the sun was going down behind the hills; and as he looked at the rosy splendor of the clouds, a bird appeared winging its flight along the horizon. He watched it out of sight, and that evening he wrote the poem, "To a Waterfowl," with the closing stanza:

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Bryant has been called our nature poet. The mountains, the valleys, the trees, and the flowers are his subjects. He showed the people that the true American poet can find material at his hand.

CHAPTER VII

BEFORE THE WAR

THREE PRESIDENTS



AFTER the death of General Taylor, in 1850, Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President, succeeded as President. Fillmore was born in a log cabin in Cayuga County, New York, in the pioneer days, at a time when the country was thinly settled. His father had lost his farm because the title to the land was found to be void, and the family moved to the little village of Sempronius. Here Millard attended the country school whenever a teacher could be secured; but there was little in such instruction to inspire a young boy.

The older Fillmore decided that his son should not be a farmer but that he should learn the clothier's trade. In these pioneer days cloth was made at home from the wool of the sheep; but it was afterward dyed and dressed by a clothier.

Accordingly young Fillmore pledged himself for the long apprenticeship of seven years to become a clothier. Up to the age of fifteen he had done very little reading. Now a small public library was started

in the village. The youth had never seen so many books. It is true his father read the weekly paper and had a few volumes in his home, but these books were not the kind to create a hunger for reading.

For four years Millard worked at his trade, and his leisure was spent in perusing the volumes from the little



Millard Fillmore
Thirteenth president

library. He developed rapidly and attracted the attention of a lawyer who had a great many books. "Give up the loom," said the lawyer, "and study law." "I haven't the education," objected young Fillmore, "nor have I money or friends to help me during the years that must be given to preparation." His father was poor, and the boy had three

years more to serve as a wool-carder's apprentice. But the lawyer answered all objections; he advanced money and gave young Fillmore a place in his office and the free use of his library.

Such was the early life of Millard Fillmore, and instead of becoming an obscure wool-carder, he became President of the United States.

Our next President was Franklin Pierce, a Democrat. Millard Fillmore was a Whig. Pierce's father had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was one of the pioneer farmers of New Hampshire, and later was twice elected governor of the state.

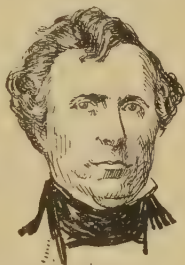
Many a time, when a boy, little Franklin sat at the fireside and listened to his father and his neighbors

talk over the scenes and experiences of the long war for independence, and here he learned his first lessons in patriotism.

He prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy for Bowdoin College, which he entered at the age of sixteen. We are told that the boys formed a military company and elected Frank Pierce their captain. The president of the college, however, was not in sympathy with their line of march, and he forbade their crossing the "green." But Captain Pierce disobeyed orders repeatedly, and he was nearly expelled from the college.

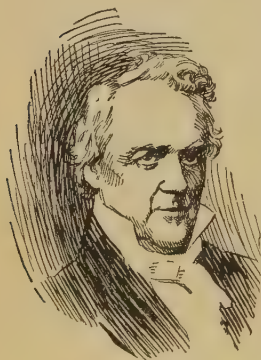
He was graduated from Bowdoin before he was twenty-one; Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of his classmates. After becoming a lawyer Pierce took an active part in politics and was only twenty-nine years of age when he was elected to Congress. He won distinction in the Mexican War as one of our generals, and later he was honored with the presidency. The opposing candidate was General Winfield Scott.

Our fifteenth President was James Buchanan, also a Democrat. He is known as the "President before the war." He was born in a log cabin in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. His father was Scotch-Irish, and had emigrated to America at the close of the Revolutionary War. Years afterward James Buchanan said, "My father was not only respected but beloved by everybody who approached him." And he regarded his mother as a remarkable woman. She was the daughter



Franklin Pierce
Fourteenth
president

of a Pennsylvania farmer, and was engaged in household employment from early life until after her husband's death. But yet she found time to read much and to reflect deeply upon what she read. She had a great fondness for poetry and could repeat with ease many passages in her favorite authors — Milton, Pope, and Cowper.



James Buchanan
Fifteenth president

At the age of fourteen young Buchanan entered Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and was graduated with honors at eighteen. He then studied law and became a distinguished lawyer, but he retired from the profession at the age of forty. It is said that only once after this did he give his attention to any law case, and that was in behalf of a poor aged widow whose title to some property was questioned. Buchanan won the case but refused pay for his services. In 1820 he was elected to Congress, and served ten years. Later President Polk made him a member of his Cabinet as Secretary of State. When Pierce became President he appointed Buchanan as our minister to England, and in 1857 he became our President.

Although James Buchanan lived to the age of seventy-eight he was never married. Like Washington Irving he had an early love and the young lady died. After Buchanan's death his executors found a small sealed packet of love-letters with the request

that the letters should be burned without breaking the seal of the packet.

His home was made happy by his orphan niece, Harriet Lane. He educated her, and her bright cheerful nature gave sunshine to his bachelor life. She accompanied him to England when he was our minister abroad; and her wit and her beauty won her many friends. She was received by Queen Victoria and was cheered at Oxford when that University conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon her uncle.

When he became President, Harriet Lane became first lady of the land, and in this rôle she discharged the social duties with grace. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, accepted an invitation to visit our country, and he was entertained at the White House by the bachelor President and his accomplished niece.

Buchanan served as President four years, and those were years when an awful war was approaching. Before his election the Whig party had ceased to exist and a new party, the Republican, came into existence, and we know it to-day by this name. In the election of 1860 the Republican party was successful, and its candidate, Abraham Lincoln, was elected.

CYRUS FIELD AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE

During President Buchanan's administration a cable was stretched across the Atlantic Ocean, and messages were exchanged between the Queen of England and our President. When the first electric telegraph was set up in 1844 by Samuel Morse, he said,

"The time will come when despatches will be sent across the ocean." People then laughed at the idea. But ten years later there was a man who persevered, who persisted in spite of hindrances and difficulties, and this man was Cyrus W. Field.

He was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. His father was a minister of the Congregational Church, and as the Puritan Sunday began at sunset on Saturday, every member of the Field family was required to be in the house by that time, and all work ceased. As the children entered the room, the father greeted them with the words, "We are on the borders of holy time." There is a story told in Stockbridge of young Cyrus's prompt obedience. His father had lost a rat-trap. He searched for it but could not find it. He questioned the children but they had not seen it. Finally he said to them, "If you find it bring it at once to me." The next Sunday morning at service, when the sermon was about half over, there came a clanging up the aisle, and there was young Cyrus with the lost article. Placing it in front of the pulpit he said, "Father, here is your rat-trap."

Young Field spent his Saturday afternoons in roaming over the hills of the country. In after years he said, "The meal that I enjoyed the most in my life was one obtained on a Saturday afternoon when I had stopped, tired and hungry, at a farm-house, and was given a plate of cold pork and potatoes."

He attended the Stockbridge Academy, and here, when he was sixteen years of age, he took the part of Mrs. Harcastle in Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to



Submarine cables in use to-day in the Western Hemisphere

Conquer." Before he was seventeen he persuaded his father to let him go to New York to seek his fortune. "Cyrus, I feel sure you will succeed," said his father, "for your playmates could never get you off to play until all the work for which you were responsible was done."

On reaching the city he found employment as an errand boy in A. T. Stewart's store. We are told that he received here the first year a dollar a week; and as he paid two dollars a week for his board and room he could not support himself. In speaking of this in after years, he said, "My oldest brother lent me money which, just as soon as I was able, and before I was twenty-one, I returned to him with interest."

He was determined to succeed. Later he wrote of these early years, "My ambition was to make myself a thoroughly good merchant. I tried to learn in every department all I possibly could, knowing I had to depend entirely on myself."

-He arose from one position to another, for he commanded the confidence of his employer and of his associates. At thirty-five years of age he was a wealthy retired merchant, but he was not content to lead a life of leisure. At this time he became interested in the electric telegraph, and in 1854 he formed a company to lay the first cable across the Atlantic Ocean. "What an advantage it will be to civilization," he said, "if Morse's electric telegraph can be used between countries on opposite sides of the ocean." And while he was studying the large globe that was in his library, it flashed across his mind, "If it is possible to connect

Newfoundland with the United States, why not Ireland and Newfoundland?" The next morning he not only spoke to his neighbor, Peter Cooper, about it, but he also wrote to Samuel Morse. In after years Peter Cooper said, "It fell to my lot to be the first to whom Mr. Field applied to join him in his enterprise — a scheme that many people thought fitted its advocates for an asylum." But Cooper embarked in it because he believed that it offered the possibility of a mighty power for the good of the world.

Accordingly the Atlantic Telegraph Company was formed and a large sum of money was raised. And in 1856 the telegraph system of our country was connected with the most eastern port of Newfoundland. It was now decided to ask Great Britain and the United States for money to carry on the great work. Mr. Field then went to England and he and Mr. Morse appeared before the English Government. "But suppose you make the attempt and fail, your cable lost at the bottom of the sea, then what will you do?" asked an Englishman. "Charge it to profit and loss and go to work to lay another," replied Field.

Great Britain offered, however, to furnish the money and a vessel, and one of the last official acts of President Pierce was to sign an appropriation bill for the submarine cable. The Government of our country had now united with England in agreeing to give all that was needed. The British ship *Agamemnon* was to assist the *Niagara*, the largest and finest ship of our navy, in laying the cable.

Accordingly the *Niagara* set sail for England, and

each vessel with its share of the cable moved out from the coast of Ireland. On board the American vessel were Mr. Field and Mr. Morse. The *Niagara* began the work, the cable was uncoiled from a large cylinder and dropped to the bottom of the sea. More than three hundred miles were passed and all went well, when suddenly the cable ceased working and there came the cry, "The cable has parted."

Great was the disappointment of those who were interested, and many believed that an Atlantic cable was impossible, but not Cyrus Field. He determined to try again. Scarcely had he landed when he began preparations for a new cable. "Next time the vessels will start in mid-ocean in opposite directions," said Mr. Field. And in the next attempt one vessel sailed toward Ireland and the other toward Newfoundland. Each uncoiled the cable and exchanged signals through it from ship to ship as the vessels proceeded.

On the 5th of August, 1858, there came the news, "The cable is laid." The people were wild with excitement; bells were rung, guns fired, and the children from the schools shouted, "The cable is laid, the cable is laid." On the 16th of August Queen Victoria and President Buchanan exchanged messages of congratulation. In New York City placards were seen in prominent buildings bearing the inscriptions, "Our Field is the Field of the world," "July 4, 1776, August 16, 1858, are the days we celebrate," "Married, August, 1858, by Cyrus W. Field, Old Ireland and Miss Young America. May their honeymoon last forever." In *Harper's Weekly* appeared John G. Saxe's

poem, "How Cyrus Laid the Cable," closing with the stanza:

"Now long live James and long live Vic,
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith, and zeal
With emulation fire us."

The 1st and the 2d of September were the days chosen for a general celebration of the laying of the Atlantic cable.

But in the midst of all this rejoicing came the discouraging news from Newfoundland that the cable had ceased working. More than a million dollars had been spent. Would Mr. Field continue the work? Would the Governments respond again? Our country was about to engage in an awful war, and it had no time to think of an Atlantic cable.

But Cyrus Field did not lose hope. Again he interested England, and when our Civil War was over, another attempt was made. This time but one vessel was employed — the *Great Eastern*. Another failure — the cable snapped in mid-ocean and sank to the bottom. Again an attempt was made in 1866, and at last success was won. In the evening of July 27th, Field sent the message to Washington, "Thank God, the cable is



The *Great Eastern* grappling for the cable

laid." Then the *Great Eastern* returned to mid-ocean where the other cable had been broken, and with great grappling hooks the end of the cable was found. And before the close of the year 1866 two Atlantic cables were in working order.

Field had spent his fortune and thirteen years on the project; but now perseverance and patience received their reward. "When I talk across an ocean of three thousand miles with my friends on the other side of it," said James T. Fields, "and feel that I may know any hour of the day if all goes well with them, I think with gratitude of the immense energy and perseverance of that one man, Cyrus W. Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country."

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY

We must go back more than two hundred years to find the beginning of slavery in our country. In the colonial days Virginia began the cultivation of tobacco, but laborers were scarce. Then came a Dutch ship into the harbor, in 1619, with twenty negroes from Africa. As these negroes were not their own masters, the Virginia planters bought them as slaves. Such labor was cheap; it became profitable to raise tobacco, and it was not long before more negroes were brought from Africa.

When the thirteen states issued their Declaration of Independence in 1776, slaveholding was practised in each of them and was recognized by law. But in the North slave labor was not so profitable as free labor, for

there the slave required better food and warmer clothing and shelter than he did in the South. Gradually the Northern states gave up slavery and became free.

Slavery spread throughout the South. The invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, in 1793, gave an impetus to the raising of cotton, and more workers were needed in the cotton fields. Accordingly more negroes were imported from Africa, and taken to slave markets to be sold at auction. As the years passed more territory was added to our country, and at length, when Missouri asked to be admitted into the Union as a state, the great question arose: Shall it be a free or a slave state? The slaveholders had settled in large numbers in Missouri and they desired it to be a slave state. But the North objected and there was a great contest about it in Congress, and indeed all over the country. After a long bitter dispute between the North and the South, it was decided that Missouri should come in as a slave state, but that there should be no other slave states north of the southern boundary of Missouri, that is, 36°30' north latitude. This is known as the Missouri Compromise.

This great compromise, of which Henry Clay is said to be the author, brought peace for a time; but by and by the slavery question broke out again. A great many people regarded slavery as an evil, and societies were formed against it. "It is wrong for a man to hold another human being as a slave," they said. "Does not the Declaration of Independence say that all men are created equal?" How did the slaveholders answer this? "The negro is our property.

He is ignorant, he cannot take care of himself. He needs a master. He is happier on the plantation than he would be if he were free."

When Texas applied for admission into the Union, it held slaves. Then there was another quarrel and a long debate in Congress. The South won — Texas was admitted as a slave state. Those who opposed slavery were now more determined than ever to abolish it.

The Missouri Compromise had provided that there should never be another slave state north of the southern boundary of Missouri, and now California asked to be admitted as a free state and much of her territory was south of that boundary line. The South objected. Then the great peacemaker, Henry Clay, came forward again with another compromise known as the Compromise of 1850. He tried to please the North and the South.

"Let us admit California as a free state," he said. This delighted the North. What did he say to please the slave states? "If a slave escapes to a free state," he said, "our Government has the right to seize him and return him to his master." This was afterward known as the Fugitive Slave Law. The Compromise of 1850 was passed.

California came in as a free state and the Fugitive Slave Law gave slaveholders and their agents the right to hunt for fugitives or runaways. If found, the negro was captured and brought to trial. The captive was not allowed to testify in his own behalf nor was there a jury. The trial was before a commissioner, and if he decided in favor of the slaveholder, his fee

was ten dollars, but only half that amount if he allowed the negro to go free.

Many hundreds of negroes had escaped to the North before the Fugitive Slave Law was passed. It provided that any bystander must help the pursuer, not the pursued. Then what did the Northern people do? Many of them defied the law and helped to rescue the runaway slaves.

One of these fugitives was Anthony Burns, a run-away from Virginia, who became a waiter in a Boston hotel. The slave-hunters were after him, however. "We will not permit one who has lived peaceably among us for several years to be dragged back into slavery," said some of the people in Boston. They held a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and when they adjourned late at night, they proceeded to the courthouse where Burns was confined awaiting his trial. The militia was called out to preserve order. Burns was not rescued, but at the close of the trial he

CAUTION!!
COLORED PEOPLE
OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,
 You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and
 advised, to avoid conversing with the
Watchmen and Police Officers
of Boston,
 For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR &
 ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as
KIDNAPPERS
AND
Slave Catchers,
 And they have already been actually employed in
 KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING
 SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY,
 and the Welfare of the Fugitives among you, Show
 them in every possible manner, as so many *HOUNDS*
 on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.
Keep a Sharp Look Out for
KIDNAPPERS, and have
TOP EYE open.
APRIL 24, 1851.

A Boston placard opposing the
 Fugitive Slave Law

was given to the slave-hunter. Soon after this he was put on a vessel and taken back to slavery. What did Burns's friends in Boston then do? They raised money, bought him from his owner, and brought him back to the North, and he was then sent to Oberlin College in Ohio to be educated.



Slaves cutting sugar cane

Slaveholders often tracked fugitives to certain points and then lost all trace of them. "There must be an underground railroad," they said. So this system of helping the runaway slave came to be known as the underground railroad. Many fugitives fled to Canada, for there under English rule they were free. They were often helped in a strange way to make their escape. Sometimes they were packed in barrels or hidden in loads of hay.

Henry Browne, a young negro of Virginia, desired his freedom. His friends placed him in a wooden box with a few crackers and a bottle of water. Then, having nailed a lid on the box, they marked it "This side up, with care." They then expressed it to Philadelphia; at the same time they sent a telegram to the "underground railroad" agent, "Your case of goods is shipped and will arrive to-morrow."

When the box arrived, the agent tapped on it and

there came a feeble answer, "All right, sir." The box was then opened and there was Browne, stiff and half dead. He had resolved that if he reached Philadelphia alive, the first thing that he would do would be to sing the fortieth Psalm. He had no sooner revived than he began, "I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."

There were many slaves in the South who were contented. They were treated kindly by their masters, and in the evening they would gather together and sing their plantation songs. But among these there were many who did not know to whom they would be sold if their master should die or if he should fail in business. They could not think of a greater misfortune than to become the property of a trader, taken to a slave market, and sold at auction.

KANSAS AND JOHN BROWN

The compromise of 1850 by no means settled the question of slavery. The quarrel became intense when Stephen A. Douglas, a senator from Illinois, proposed that the two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, should come into the Union as states, and that the inhabitants of these territories should decide for themselves whether they would be admitted as free or slave states.

Douglas was born in Vermont, but when a mere youth he determined to seek his fortune in the West. He arrived in Illinois penniless, found work at a trade, and later determined to read law. And before he had reached his fortieth year he was known in the Senate as the "Little Giant from the West."

The Kansas-Nebraska bill aroused the antislavery men. The Missouri Compromise declared that there should never be another slave state north of the southern boundary of Missouri, and these territories were north of that line. When the bill was passed the "Little Giant from the West" was burned in effigy in the free states, and we are told that when he tried to make a speech in his own city, Chicago, he was hissed off the stage.

"We will send settlers into the territory," said the antislavery men. "We will have the majority there." But those who favored slavery determined to do likewise, and it was not long before there were many slaveholders in Kansas. Then came a quarrel when antislavery and proslavery men were neighbors. Missouri hoped that the territory would be won for slavery, and when the time for voting came, some of her people crossed the border to vote, though they were not residents of Kansas. There was violence and blood was shed, and the territory came to be known as "bleeding Kansas." In the end antislavery won, and in the year 1861 Kansas came into the Union as a free state.

There was another act besides the Kansas-Nebraska bill that aroused the North — the Dred Scott decision. Doctor Emerson, a surgeon in our army, lived in Missouri and there kept slaves. He was then stationed in Illinois, a free state, and later in Minnesota. He had brought with him one of his slaves — Dred Scott. After several years the doctor returned to Missouri and took Scott with him.

"I am no longer a slave," said Dred Scott when he

was flogged one day. "I became free in Illinois, because it is unlawful to hold slaves on free soil." He took his case to court, and finally it was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Chief Justice decided against Dred Scott. "A man's slave is his property," he said, "and he can take it wherever he happens to live."

This decision alarmed the North.

"If the slave owners may hold slaves on free soil," they said, "it will not be long before all the free states will be slave states."

During that awful struggle in Kansas there was a man who tried to free the slaves by taking the law into his own hands. He was religious and deeply in earnest, but he was not wise. This man was John Brown.

When he was a boy, not fourteen years of age, he rode a hundred miles through the wilderness to take some cattle to a planter in Kentucky. The planter received him kindly, and John remained at the plantation for several weeks. It was not long before he was attracted by a bright active negro boy who was a slave on the plantation. This boy seemed willing to serve; he worked hard and steadily, but his reward was harsh treatment. At night he lay outside, and often without cause he was beaten with an iron shovel.



John Brown

"Why should I be treated kindly and this boy harshly?" John Brown asked himself. "Is it because I am white and he is black that he must serve as a slave?" And from that time on the subject of slavery was uppermost in his mind.

When Brown became a man he vowed that he would spend his life trying to free the slaves, and he had his sons, also, to pledge themselves to war against slavery. Then came the troubles in Kansas and John Brown and his sons hastened to that territory to battle for freedom. "If it is so painful for us to part with the hope of meeting again," he said to his daughter, "how dreadful must be the feelings of hundreds of poor slaves who are separated for life."

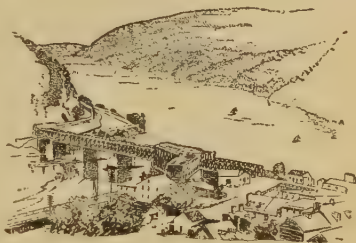
When he arrived in Kansas he soon gathered around him antislavery men who looked up to him as a leader. Brown made his presence felt, and it was not long before the proslavery men said of him, "There is a red-hot abolitionist here, named Brown, who is a great hindrance to the success of our plans. He must either be forced to leave the country with his sons or disposed of in some fashion."

Soon after this the little town of Osawatomie, where John Brown and his sons had settled, was attacked by some Missourians. Brown and his followers were defeated, but they had fought so fiercely that ever afterward this champion of the slaves was known as "Osawatomie Brown." He was regarded as an outlaw in Kansas and the Governor issued a warrant for his arrest. The order was, "Capture John Brown, dead or alive." An officer answered, "If I try to

capture John Brown it'll be dead, and I'll be the one that'll be dead."

As a price had been set upon his head, Brown quietly disappeared from Kansas, and only his nearest friends knew that he had gone eastward. He was still determined to free the slaves and he was planning to do something desperate.

When he arrived in the East he spoke in public of Kansas and slavery. He so interested some of the people that they gave him money without asking particulars in regard to his plans. He at length rented a farm five miles from Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and here he settled, gradually collecting men and material for his plans. To the neighbors he pretended to be a stock buyer.



Harper's Ferry

On October 16th, 1859, the final orders were given. At eight o'clock that evening Brown said, "Men, get your arms, we will proceed to the ferry." And about twenty men set out from the farm on their desperate enterprise, taking with them a one-horse wagon containing pikes, a sledge-hammer, and a crowbar.

His object was to seize the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry so that he might obtain arms and ammunition for the slaves, who, he hoped, would unite in a general revolt. Brown and his men overpowered the guards and captured the arsenal. A fight occurred

and there was bloodshed. But the slaves of the country did not respond. The United States troops were ordered to the scene. They captured Brown, and he was tried in the courts of Virginia and found guilty of murder. He was therefore sentenced to be hanged, and, while walking to the scaffold through a dense crowd, it is said that he stopped to kiss a negro baby in its mother's arms. The poet Whittier wrote:

“John Brown of Osawatomie
They led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave mother
With her little child pressed nigh.

“Then the bold blue eyes grew tender,
And the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks,
And kissed the negro's child.”

JOHN G. WHITTIER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

The poet Whittier was one of the supporters of the antislavery cause and he served it chiefly by his verse.

He tells us that when he was fourteen years of age, his schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, brought with him to the Whittier house a volume by Scotland's poet — Robert Burns. Coffin read aloud some of the poems, greatly to young Whittier's delight, and when the schoolmaster went away the boy begged him to leave the book.

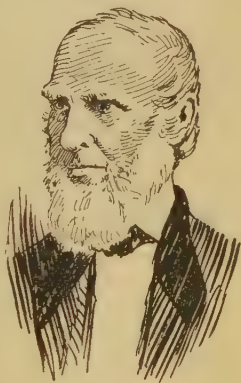
This was the first poetry that he ever read, with the exception of the Bible, and it made a lasting impression upon him. He then began to make rhymes himself,

and he read Burns every moment that he had to spare. He copied verses on paper and learned them while he was plowing in the field.

He discovered in the Scotch poet that the things out of which poems were made were not, as he had imagined, somewhere away off in a world and life lying outside the edge of his own New England sky — they were at his feet and among the people he knew. The common things of our common life he found were full of poetry.

Whittier was born in 1807 at East Haverhill, Massachusetts. His parents were Quakers and lived on a farm. Young Whittier attended the district school during the three months' session every winter, and the other months were employed in the labor of the farm.

His father took the *Free Press*, a weekly paper which William Lloyd Garrison was then editing; and to this paper Whittier's sister, unknown to him, sent one of her brother's poems. One afternoon, as he was mending a fence on the farm, the postman handed him Garrison's paper. You can imagine his astonishment when he saw, in the "poet's corner," his own composition.



John G. Whittier

Not long after this, Mr. Garrison called at the farm and was greeted by Whittier's father. "Is this Friend Whittier?" asked Garrison. "Yes," was the reply. "We

desire to see you about your son," said the editor. "Why, what has the boy been doing?" anxiously questioned the father. "Verse making is his only crime," answered Garrison.

Mr. Garrison then urged the elder Whittier to send his son to school to get an education, for he was gifted in the writing of verse. But what was the reply of the hard-working practical man? "Do not put such notions into my son's head, sir; poetry will not give him bread."

It was not long after this conversation, however, that Whittier obtained his father's consent to attend the Haverhill Academy, provided the boy could earn the money to pay the tuition for a six months' term. What did young Whittier then do? He learned how to make women's shoes and labored at the shoemaker's bench. He thus paid one term's tuition at the academy. The next winter he taught the district school and earned sufficient money to pay another term's tuition.

At the age of twenty-six he allied himself with those who opposed slavery. He now became a delegate to the first National Antislavery Convention at Philadelphia, and at his own expense published a pamphlet "Justice and Expediency," advocating the freedom of the slaves. Soon after this appeared in the *Haverhill Gazette* his first antislavery poem — lines written to William Lloyd Garrison — "the Champion of those who groan beneath Oppression's iron hand."

For more than two years Mr. Garrison had published his paper, the *Liberator*, whose object was to arouse people to abolish slavery. He was imprisoned in Balti-

more for opposition to the slave-trade, and a price of five thousand dollars was set upon his head by the legislature of Georgia.

The influence of Garrison was strong upon Whittier. The poet's antislavery poems were gathered from the newspapers for which they were originally written and published under the title of "Voices of Freedom."

In 1863, at the anniversary of the American Antislavery Society, Garrison said of Whittier, "There are few living who have done so much to operate upon the public mind and the conscience and heart of our country as John Greenleaf Whittier." And since that day he has often been called "The Quaker Poet of Freedom."

The *National Era*, the antislavery paper which published many of Whittier's poems, first gave Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the world. This book is probably the most widely read and the best known of all American stories. It was dramatized immediately and has been translated into more than forty languages.

Its author was born in the little town of Litchfield, Connecticut. Her father was a noted minister, the Rev. Lyman Beecher. The daughter enjoyed sitting in her father's study, watching him as he wrote his sermons. There were very few books for children written at that time, and when the little girl found a copy of "Arabian Nights" at the bottom of a barrel of sermons, you can imagine her delight. Dr. Beecher did not approve of his children reading novels, but he gave them permission to read the works of Sir

Walter Scott, and we are told that Harriet Beecher read "Ivanhoe" seven times during one summer.

When she was twelve years of age she wrote a composition on the subject, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved from the Light of Nature?" It was chosen to be read at the school exhibition. Dr. Beecher was present at the exercises and sat on the platform. When the program was finished he asked the teacher, "Who wrote that composition?" "Your daughter, sir," was the answer. He was pleased but greatly astonished. In after years Harriet Beecher Stowe said, "That was the proudest moment of my life."

Later she married Mr. Stowe, a professor at Lane Seminary. He was a classmate of Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne at Bowdoin College. Mrs. Stowe now became interested in the slavery question, and she even received runaway slaves into her own home.

Her husband was called to Brunswick, Maine, to a professorship at Bowdoin College. It was while she lived at Brunswick that she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was now nearly forty years of age, and very sad over the death of her little son. As she longed for him she said to herself, "How terrible it is for the poor slave mothers to have their own little ones torn from them and sold, not knowing where they are or who will care for them." While thinking about the terrible wrongs of slavery, she received a letter from her sister in Boston. "Now, Hattie," she wrote, "if I could use a pen as you can I would write something that would make the whole country feel what an accursed thing slavery is." After she had read the letter, she rose from

her chair, saying, "I *will* write something, I will, if I live."

Not long after this, she was sitting in the college church one Sunday morning in February, when suddenly the picture of the death of Uncle Tom came to her. It affected her so that she could scarcely keep from crying. As soon as she reached home, she wrote out the vision and read it to her children, who cried and said, "O mother, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world."

The story was written in weekly instalments and first published as a serial in the *National Era*. It came out in book form in 1852, and within a few days ten thousand copies were sold and more than three hundred thousand within a year.

Ten years later, during the Civil War, President Lincoln met for the first time the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Taking her hands, he said, "And this is the little woman who caused this big war."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BECOMES PRESIDENT

How did Abraham Lincoln become our President? Let us look into the story of his life. On February 12th, 1909, was celebrated the centenary of Lincoln's birth.

Little Abe's first four years were spent in a wretched cabin in Kentucky. The family then moved to another farm, but the house here was no better. The father, Thomas Lincoln, was a restless, indolent character. He had been a farm laborer, a hunter, and, though he was not very ambitious in building his log cabin, he knew a little something of the carpenter's trade. But

writing and reading were not among his accomplishments. And, no doubt, it required much patience on the part of Nancy Hanks to teach her husband to write his name. She succeeded, however, but his writing career ceased with "Thomas Lincoln."

We must remember that in these pioneer days schools and books were scarce articles in the backwoods of Kentucky. But Nancy Lincoln was accomplished for that section at that time, and she



Lincoln's birthplace

instructed her little boy and girl. And in after years, when he became President, the son acknowledged his mother's influence, "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my sainted mother."

As Thomas Lincoln was not successful in establishing a home in Kentucky, he set out with his family, and they journeyed to Indiana. After spending a winter in a shed made of poles and open on one side, he built another rude cabin. It was only fourteen feet square and its floor was the bare earth — a poor place indeed for Nancy and her children to pass a winter in. The only furniture was a bedstead of small posts driven into the earth, with cross pieces, a table, and some seats made of logs. Pegs were driven into the logs of the walls, and on these little Abe and his sister climbed to the loft above, where they slept at night.

But Mrs. Lincoln lived in Indiana only a year when she became ill and died. The husband constructed a

rude coffin and then, with the help of the neighbors, she was buried not far from the cabin, on a little hill among the trees. Abraham was now eight years of age, and the death of his mother was his first great sorrow.

A year later Thomas Lincoln was married again, and the stepmother brought to the home furniture and cooking utensils that were before unknown to the cabin. The father was now compelled to put down a solid wooden floor, and the rude structure soon had a door in the place for it, and windows with glazed sashes. Not only did the stepmother make a more comfortable home, but she was kind to little Abe, and he was obedient to her. In her old age she said, "Abe never gave me a cross word or look and never refused to do anything I requested of him."

She read to him Bible stories, and it was not long before she decided that something must be done for Abe's education. Accordingly he was sent to a little log schoolhouse, which he and his father had helped to build, and here he was taught some of the common branches of study, and he distinguished himself in spelling. The teacher thought that these pioneer children should be taught "manners," so the art of bowing gracefully, of rising and sitting down well, of entering and leaving rooms with propriety, was on the program.

The only book in the Lincoln household was the Bible, but there were a few other books among the settlers in the region. Abraham Lincoln was now in his teens, and he read everything that he could lay his hands

upon. A history of the United States, a "Life of Washington," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Æsop's "Fables" — these books he read and re-read. If a passage in a borrowed book struck his fancy, he copied it with charcoal upon a shingle and then learned it.

He went to hear every preacher and stump orator that came to the neighborhood, and often he would gather his boy companions about him and stand on a stump and make speeches to them. At one time when about fifteen he walked fourteen miles to the county seat, Boonville, to hear a trial in court. When one of the lawyers finished his speech, young Lincoln walked across the court-room, bare-footed, with trousers all too short and a squirrel-skin cap in his hand, took the lawyer by the hand and told him that it was the best speech he ever heard in his life. Many years later, when Lincoln was President, this same lawyer, then an aged man, called at the White House and reminded him of the incident.

Lincoln was not only an earnest reader, but whatever he did, he did with his "level best," and we are told that he could chop more wood and pitch more hay than any other boy in the region. He was now twenty-one years of age, strong and tall. He stood six feet four inches bare-footed.

Again the Lincoln family moved — this time to Illinois. Here Lincoln helped to build the log house, and then he and his cousin, John Hanks, chopped down walnut trees and split rails to fence in fifteen acres of land for a corn field.

He now determined to leave his father's family and strike out for himself. He had no money nor a trade, and then he needed a new suit of clothes before he could start out in the world. What did he do? There was Mrs. Nancy Miller, who made cloth out of hemp, and he bargained with her to split four hundred fence rails for every yard of cloth she made. When the trousers were finished they were short at the ankles, but that did not trouble Lincoln.

And it was not long before he was on a flatboat down the river to New Orleans with a cargo of



A flatboat on the Mississippi

farm produce. In that city he saw slaves bought and sold, he saw them chained and whipped. And it was then that he began to form his opinion about slavery.

Later Lincoln became a clerk in a grocery and variety store in New Salem, Illinois. Here he won the title of "Honest Abe." We are told that one day a woman came into the store to buy something. After she had gone Lincoln discovered that she had given him six cents too much. What did he do? That night, after his work was finished, he walked to the woman's

home, a distance of four or five miles, and returned to her the six cents.

He became interested in law, and he determined to become a lawyer. And the more he read law the more interested he became. It is said that he walked many miles to borrow Blackstone's "Commentaries," famous

law books. Soon after he began practising law he heard of a poor woman whose son was accused of murder, but she had no money to engage a lawyer for his defense. Lincoln inquired about the case, and he felt certain that the accused boy was innocent. He then wrote to the mother that he would defend her son.

The trial began and the witnesses were called to testify. "I saw him strike the man dead," said the chief witness.

"What time was it?" questioned Lincoln. "Between eleven and twelve o'clock," was the answer. "How could you see?" asked the lawyer. "By the light of the moon, which was shining brightly," was the reply. Then Lincoln quietly pulled an almanac from his pocket, opened it, and said, "This almanac states that



The rail-splitter

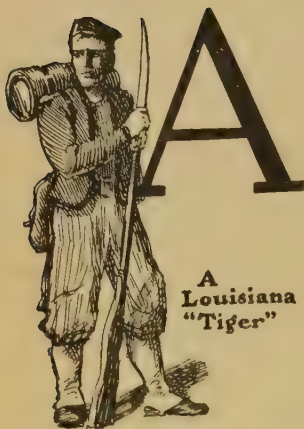
there was no moon on that night." And what was the verdict of the jury? "Not guilty," and the accused was set free.

Lincoln's kindness did not only extend to human beings but to the lower creatures. One morning, as he was hurrying to court with a companion, he saw that a young bird had fallen from its nest. He dismounted from his horse and rescued the little creature. "Why did you stop?" asked his companion. "I could not have slept to-night unless I knew that I had restored that little bird to its mother," was Lincoln's answer.

His sympathy, his keen judgment, his truthfulness, his honesty, won him the confidence of all that he met. At the age of twenty-five he was elected to the legislature of Illinois, and before he was forty he was a member of Congress. At a certain convention in Chicago which met to choose a candidate for the presidency in 1860, John Hanks entered with two old fence rails and a banner on which were the words "Abraham Lincoln, the rail candidate for the presidency in 1860." And in November of that year the "Illinois rail-splitter" was elected to the highest office of our country — Abraham Lincoln became our President.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CIVIL WAR



A BRAHAM LINCOLN was President only a few weeks when a terrible civil war broke out, that is, a war between citizens of the same country. "I do not expect the Union to be dissolved," he had said, "but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

There were thirty-four states in the Union when Mr. Lincoln became President. Every state that did not hold

slaves, except New Jersey, voted for Lincoln. He opposed the extension of slavery and had declared the holding of slaves to be wrong. And when the news of his election reached South Carolina, this state said, "We have sufficient reasons to secede. We have endured the aggressions of the North long enough. We will become independent."

A convention met at Charleston, and passed a resolution, "We, the people of the state of South Carolina, do declare and ordain that the union now subsisting

between South Carolina and other states under the name of The United States of America is hereby dissolved." When the news of this declaration reached the people on the streets, palmetto flags were raised (South Carolina is called the Palmetto state), church bells were rung, cannons were fired, and the people of the state were enthusiastic in their cheers.

South Carolina then urged other states to join in secession. And it was not long before Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas declared their independence. These states grew cotton, and the colored people did the work on the plantations. The Southern states desired the extension of slavery so that they could have more influence in Congress.

Another convention was called and met in Montgomery, Alabama. A new Union was formed, called The Confederate States of America — which would protect the growth of slavery. Jefferson Davis was made president of this new Union, and Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war," said Mr. Lincoln. "You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

THE WAR FOR THE UNION

The people did not desire war. "We must end this quarrel," they said, "even if we have to make concessions that are not agreeable to us." "Let the Southern

sisters depart in peace," were the words of Horace Greeley, of New York.

The Legislature of Virginia proposed a National Peace Convention to be held in Washington. All the states sent delegates except those that had seceded. Ex-President Tyler presided at this convention. A resolution was passed that the President-elect of the United States should be treated with respect.



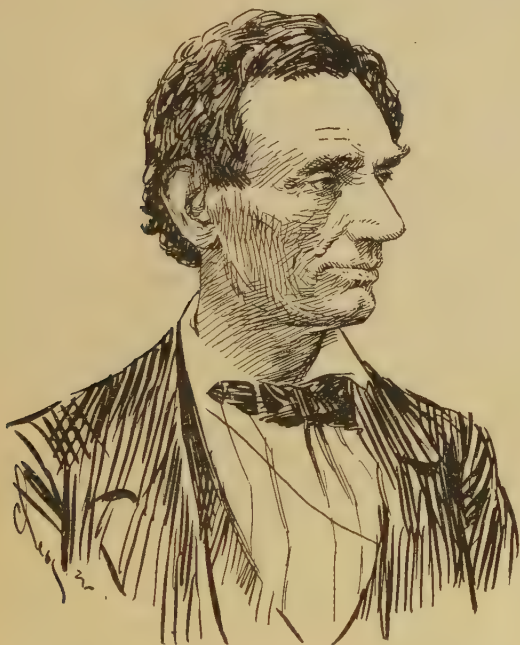
The "Stars and Bars"

There were members at this peace conference who had never seen Mr. Lincoln, and they were eager to see what manner of man he was — this rail-splitter from Illinois. In the evening they met him in the parlor of the hotel where the convention was in session. They asked him questions, and they soon discovered by his answers that the rail-splitter was no ignorant man, that he did his own thinking.

"Then you will permit the South to control our institutions?" one member asked. "If I ever come to the great office of President of the United States," Mr. Lincoln replied, "I shall take an oath to the best of my ability to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution. The Constitution will not be preserved and defended until it is enforced and obeyed in every part of every one of the United States."

March 4th, 1861, the day for inaugurating Mr. Lincoln into office, had arrived. Never before had the city of Washington seen such crowds. On the eastern portico of the Capitol the oath of office was admin-

istered by Chief Justice Taney. As Mr. Lincoln laid his right hand upon the open Bible he repeated after the Chief Justice, "I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my



Abraham Lincoln

ability, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." The deed was done, and the cannon thundered a salute.

President Lincoln then rode to the White House and began the duties of his office. He had no easy task

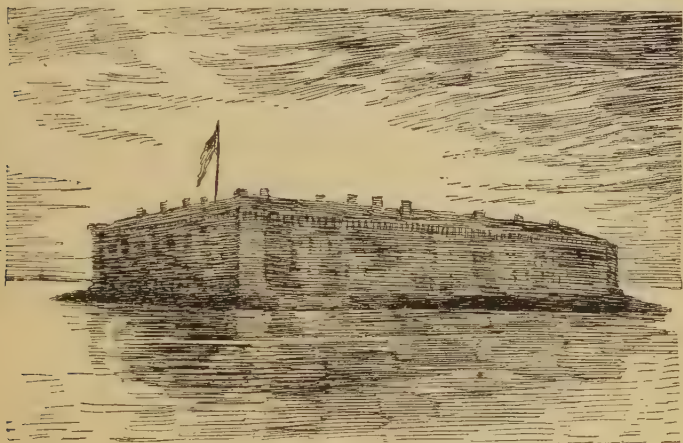
before him. Other states holding slaves were preparing to secede; and it was not long before eleven states had declared themselves independent. Then, too, there were many malicious stories published in regard to the President's humble birth.

We are told that a woman from South Carolina, who took pride in her ancestry, was introduced to Lincoln. His courteous manner and his conversation astonished her. "Mr. Lincoln," she exclaimed, "you look, act, and speak like a kind, good-hearted, generous man." "Did you expect to meet a savage?" was the answer. "Certainly I did, or something worse," she replied. "But I am glad that I have met you. The best way to procure peace is for you to go to Charleston and show the people what you are." Later she exclaimed to her friends, "I have seen him." "Who?" they asked. "That terrible monster, Lincoln; and instead of being a monster, he is a gentleman, and I mean to attend his first reception."

President Lincoln was in office only a few weeks when Fort Sumter was fired upon. The Stars and Stripes were flying over this fort at Charleston Harbor, defended by Major Anderson. When Jefferson Davis heard that Lincoln had sent provisions to the fort, he demanded its surrender. Major Anderson refused to yield, but his forces were too weak to withstand the Confederate attack, and it was not long before the Stars and Stripes were pulled down, and the Stars and Bars, the Confederate flag, went up.

This was the beginning of the war. "We must preserve the Union, and save its flag," said the people of

the North, "even if we must fight." Then what did President Lincoln do? He called for seventy-five thousand men to defend the Union. And what was the response? More than double that number came forward. Jefferson Davis then asked for more men, and the answer was just as prompt. And thus the two armies were formed — the Union and the Confederate.



Fort Sumter

The soldiers of the Union army were called "the boys in blue" because they wore blue uniforms; and the Confederates, "the boys in gray" as they wore gray uniforms.

The city of Richmond was the Confederate capital. The cry of the Union army was, "On to Richmond," while that of the Confederates was, "On to Washington." Each hoped to end the war soon by seizing the other's capital. They did not realize then that the

war would last four years, that terrible battles would be fought, and that many "boys in blue" and many "boys in gray" would lose their lives in the struggle.

When two years had passed since the Stars and Stripes went down from Fort Sumter, neither army could see an end to the war. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves," said President Lincoln, "I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it." To preserve the Union was Lincoln's great desire.

And now the time had come to consider the relation of slavery to the war. It was on the afternoon of New Year's Day, 1863, when President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, which declared all slaves free in the states that left the Union. On September 22d, 1862, he had said that he would do this on New Year's Day if those states did not lay down their arms.

But it was not until 1865 that slavery was finally abolished, when the Confederates laid down their arms, and when an amendment was added to the Constitution forbidding slavery in the United States forever.

The same year that the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, one of the most terrible battles of the war was fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. For three days it raged and we are told that one man out of every four was killed or wounded. The result was a victory for the Union army, but it was a victory gained at a fearful cost. Later the state of Pennsylvania purchased a portion of the battle-field as a burial-place for the soldiers killed in the engagement.

And on November 19th, a few months after the battle, the place was consecrated by an imposing ceremony. The oration was delivered by Edward Everett, noted for his oratory. He spoke for two hours, and when he had finished, the audience applauded loudly.

Then President Lincoln arose, took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and read that short simple speech beginning with the words, "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

We are told that when he had finished there was not a sound of applause but a silence as if the audience were bowed in prayer.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Everett, upon your success," said Lincoln, extending his hand to the orator of the day. "Ah, Mr. President," was the reply, "how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines."

And to-day, when we observe the 30th of May in memory of the soldiers who fought in the War for the Union, the Gettysburg Address is repeated — "that



Monument to the first Confederate soldier killed in the war

we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

The whole life of this great war President was as simple and as admirable as were his speeches.

Another most beautiful trait of character was his tenderness of heart. It was difficult for him to refuse mercy to any one who came to him for aid. Pope's lines were his favorite prayer:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see.
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

But the President could be firm when the occasion required it. It is said that once a man, coming to him with a petition, began to swear. Lincoln reproved him gently, but there was another oath. Then the President, rising with dignity, said, at the same time opening the door, "I thought you were a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir, good evening."

He was a close observer of human life, and was always ready with a story to illustrate his conversations. Although sad by nature, he enjoyed the good things of life and had a keen sense of humor.

"Mr. Lincoln," said a Southern congressman to the

President one day, "I have heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I have never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life." The President, stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, replied, "That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was ten years of age. Once in a while my mother made gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat. One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found that she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them. There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down. 'Abe,' he said, edging close, 'gimme a man.' I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one. 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n.' I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said, 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he replied earnestly, 'I don't suppose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do,' and then, sighing, he added, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it.' "

Often, when the cares of government pressed hardest upon him, Lincoln brought smiles from tears. He was besieged by office-seekers who made all sorts of requests. "I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of the house," he exclaimed, "while the other end is on fire." During an attack of varioloid he said to the doctor, "At last I've got something I can give to everybody if he wants it."

Troubled as Lincoln was in those days of the war, he still had time to write to children, and their interests claimed his sympathy.

One morning he received a letter from Grace Bedell, a little girl living in Westfield, New York. She suggested that his personal appearance would be improved if he allowed his beard to grow. She added, "You may have your little girl answer this letter if you do not have time to do it."

In a few days she was made happy by the reply: "Your very agreeable letter is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons — one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin it now?"

A year later, when Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, his train stopped at Westfield. The President-elect spoke a few words from the platform to the people, and then he asked whether Grace Bedell was there. The little girl came forward. Lincoln, stepping down from the car, kissed her and said: "You see, Grace, I have let my whiskers grow for you."

The President's little son Thomas, or "Tad," as he was fondly called, was not only his father's close companion, but he was the pet of the White House. He had a goat of which he was very fond. One time, when Mrs. Lincoln and Tad were absent from Washington, the President wrote to his wife: "Tell Tad the goat

and father are very well, especially the goat." Another time he wrote: "Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost, and I am distressed about it. The day you left, Nanny was found resting and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she's gone. The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, and it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she disappeared, and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor Nanny."



Tad and his father

Nowhere was Lincoln's character more beautifully illustrated than in his treatment of opponents. "A man has no time," he said, "to spend half his life in quarrels." He readily forgave an injury. At one time, when his Cabinet objected to an appointment, the President replied, "I can't afford to punish every person who saw fit to oppose my election. We want a competent man in this office, and I know of no one who could perform the duties better than the one proposed."

In 1864 Lincoln was reelected and his second inaugural address, as his Gettysburg speech, is part of our country's literature. "With malice towards none," were his words, "with charity for all, with firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; — to do all which may

achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Just as the war was ended, on the 14th of April, 1865, the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, when the Union flag, the Stars and Stripes, was again waving over the fort, and when the North and the South were rejoicing that no more blood would be shed, the news was flashed over the country, "The President has been shot." It was the deed of a man who foolishly thought he was serving the South.

Lincoln had been very happy on that day. "When these four years are over," he had said to Mrs. Lincoln, referring to his second term, "we will go back to Illinois, and I will again be a country lawyer. God has been very good to us." In the evening he attended the theater with some friends. As the presidential party entered the box assigned to them, the people arose and cheered. The President bowed and smiled.

An hour later, when the audience were enjoying the last act of the play, a pistol report was heard. A man was seen leaping from the President's box, crying, "The South is avenged." The wounded President was removed to a house on the opposite side of the street, where he died on the following morning, at the age of fifty-six years.

His body lies entombed at Springfield, Illinois, under an appropriate monument. In 1909 the centenary of his birth was observed, and a united country did honor to the President who unselfishly worked for the Union. No tribute was ever paid to Lincoln that

was more sincere than the words of Alexander Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy:

“Mr. Lincoln was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was most truly ‘with malice toward none, with charity for all.’ ”

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Why did the seceded states choose Jefferson Davis as their leader? How did he become president of the Confederacy? Let us look into his life.

He was a year older than Lincoln and was born in Kentucky, the same state in which Lincoln was born. You remember that the Lincoln family migrated to Indiana, then to Illinois. The parents of Jefferson Davis also left Kentucky, but they went farther south — first to Louisiana and then to Mississippi.

Here Davis's father bought a small plantation. He had a few negro slaves, but his sons also helped in the fields. Jefferson was the youngest of nine children. When he was six years of age his parents sent him to the little log schoolhouse not far away. He was a bright and sensitive little fellow, and the family were proud of him.

Unlike Abraham Lincoln's father, Mr. Davis was eager for his son to have a good education. Little



Jefferson Davis

Jefferson was only seven years of age when his father said, "He must go to the academy in Kentucky." Accordingly, when some friends went north, young Davis was entrusted to them. How did the little fellow make the journey? He rode on a pony through the swamps and forests. When night came and there was no house in sight, the travelers put up a canvas tent and camped by the wayside.

This was at the close of the War of 1812. You remember General Jackson and his roomy house — The Hermitage. The travelers stopped at this home and were welcomed by the General. Jefferson Davis never forgot his visit to The Hermitage, and years afterward he spoke of the impression that "Old Hickory" had made upon him at this time.

Young Davis remained at school in Kentucky two years. He now could be seen on a steamboat going down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, on his way to Jefferson College, in Mississippi. What do you think of a boy only nine years of age going to college? But it was only a college in name; in fact, it was another academy.

His next school was, however, a college — Transylvania University in Kentucky. As he declined to associate with younger and smaller boys than himself he was admitted into the second-year class. Jefferson had to do some hard studying, for he was not well prepared for that class. But before he completed his studies here, he gained a reputation for scholarship and politeness.

He had not finished going to school. He gained

admission to West Point, on the Hudson River, in New York, where boys are trained to become soldiers. Students at West Point are called cadets. Here young Davis was popular with the boys because of his loyalty to his friends. He spent several weeks in close confinement for the reason that he refused to tell anything that would implicate his roommate, who was suspected of having taken part in a student riot.

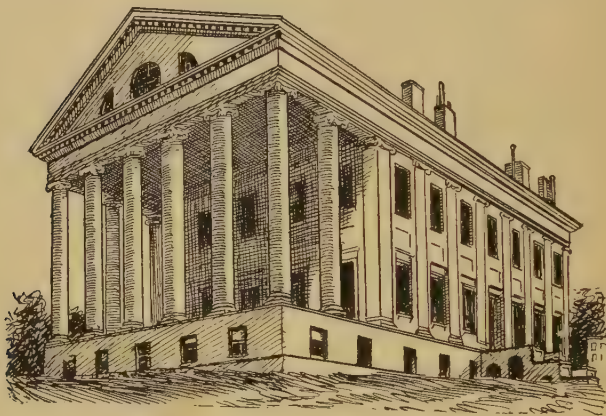
Davis was graduated from West Point when he was twenty years of age. It was not long before he served as a lieutenant in the Black Hawk War. He then retired to his plantation in Mississippi and there devoted himself to study and reading. Later he was sent by his state to the House of Representatives. His first speech in Congress attracted the attention of John Quincy Adams. "That young man," said the ex-president, "is no ordinary person. He will make his mark yet, mind me." Not long afterward he won distinction in the Mexican War in the battle of Buena Vista. At the close of that war he became a member of the United States Senate, and during President Pierce's term of office he was a member of the Cabinet as Secretary of War. In this office he did much to increase the efficiency of the army.

He was recognized as a leader in the South, and when the seceded states united as the Confederate States, he was elected their president. "The Northern states will not fight," he had said. "The government has no right to force a state to remain in the Union." Jefferson Davis believed that when the Confederacy

was formed, the new government and the old would live side by side and be friendly.

He served as the president of the Confederacy throughout the Civil War. An amusing story is told of Davis and one of the Confederate generals, Stonewall Jackson.

News had come to Davis that the Confederates were being defeated. He mounted his horse and



The Capitol of the Confederacy

rushed to the field where Stonewall Jackson was in command of the army. In the meantime the tide had turned in favor of the Confederates, and General Jackson took the opportunity to have his wound dressed. The soldiers were standing there waiting their turn to receive the surgeon's attention. Suddenly a horseman in civilian's dress dashed upon the scene. "Do not yield," he exclaimed. "Act not like cowards."

General Jackson, flinging aside the bandages on his hand, cried: "What is all this fuss about? These men are not cowards, they are not deserters. They are my men and are wounded. We have whipped the Yankees and the fighting is over. Who are you, sir?" "I am President Davis," was the answer, "and who are you?" "I am General Jackson, sir." They had never seen each other before. Jackson then returned to have his wound dressed, and the president of the Confederacy departed.

Jefferson Davis lived more than twenty years after the war. He died in 1889, and at the request of the people of Richmond his body lies buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

Why was Alexander Stephens chosen vice-president of the Confederacy? We shall see. He was born on a farm in Georgia in the year of Abraham Lincoln's birth, but three months later.

Alexander's father was a poor school-teacher, but he managed to save enough from his earnings to buy a farm. And there was much for the little boy to do on this farm. Later he said: "Between my sixth and fifteenth years I had little time for attending school or for the sports of boyhood." During those years he took care of the younger children, he picked up sticks for the fire, he brought the water, he drove the cows to and from the pasture. But these were not all the things he did. When only eleven years of age he plowed in the fields and planted corn.

We would think that he was a sturdy little farmer

boy to do all this. On the contrary, he was weak and delicate from his birth; and, although he reached a good old age, at no time in his life did he weigh more than a hundred pounds.

But he had something that was worth having — pluck. And then, too, he was always industrious.

He attended his father's school, and here he learned "manners." Once a month, on a Friday afternoon, when the spelling classes were finished, the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of his row would rise and walk toward the center of the room, and the girl at the head of her row would do the same. As they approached, the boy would bow and the girl would drop a courtesy, and then they would pass on. But this was not all the program of "learning manners." The boys and girls were taught to stop and exchange verbal greetings, then followed the introduction and reception of visitors.

At Sunday-school young Stephens became interested in reading the Bible, and he read the entire Old Testament before his class had finished reading the first book. He would read by the light of a wood-fire long after the other members of the family were asleep.

When he was fourteen years of age his father died, and his grief was intense. "No language can tell the deep anguish that filled a heart so young," he wrote in his journal in later years, "the earth, grass, trees, sky, everything looked dreary."

After his father's death, friends in the Sunday-school became interested in him on account of his knowledge

of the Bible. "He is no ordinary youth," they said. "He must be sent to college; he may become a preacher." And to Franklin College, in Georgia, he went. Later he was graduated at the head of his class. He then became a country school-teacher and after that a struggling young lawyer who lived on six dollars a month, made his own fires, and blacked his own boots.

It was not long before he was sent to the state legislature and then to the United States Congress. He believed in slavery, but was opposed to secession. He was loyal to his state, however, when Georgia seceded. When the war was ended, he became a United States senator, and defended the right of the negro.

He died in 1883 while he was governor of Georgia. "I have made it the rule of my life," he said, "to live each day as if it were to be my last." And we are told that he provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women, and, although he received seventy-five thousand dollars from his historical writings, it was spent chiefly for the benefit of others.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT GENERALS OF THE WAR



Militiaman of '61
(Statue by J. Q. A. Ward
in New York City)

AGAINST the eleven states that seceded were twenty-two states that fought to save the Union. And what did this mean? It meant twenty-two million people against nine million; and of these nine million one-third were slaves. If numbers alone counted, the outlook was indeed hopeless for the Confederacy.

But there were other disadvantages for the South. It did not, like the North, possess manufacturing for guns and other war materials. It had always depended upon the North not only for firearms but for a market for cotton. The South raised the cotton and it was sent to New England to be manufactured into cloth. Not only did the South sell its cotton to the North but millions of bales were sold every year to manufacturers in Great Britain. Did this sale continue? We shall see.

THE BLOCKADE AND DAVID G. FARRAGUT

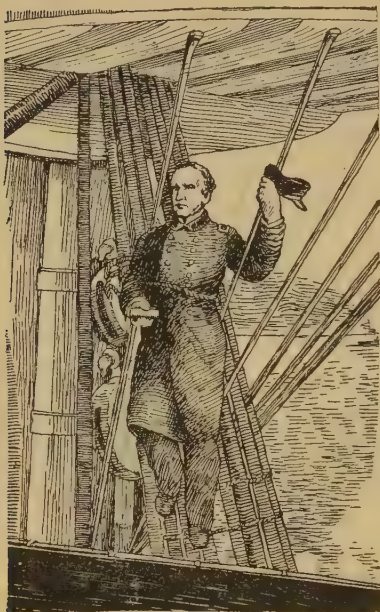
In the very beginning of the war President Lincoln proclaimed a blockade of the ports of the seceded states. First one port and then another was blockaded by armed vessels. They closed the ports not only along the Atlantic coast, but a fleet composed of forty-seven armed vessels entered the Gulf of Mexico, captured New Orleans, the greatest seaport of the South, and got control of the lower Mississippi.

David G. Farragut, the ablest naval commander in the war, had command of this fleet. When he was only eleven years of age he had gone to sea as a midshipman. When still a child he had witnessed a terrific sea-fight off the coast of South America. He was now sixty years old and had been in the service almost fifty years. He was born in Tennessee, but he could not be persuaded to join the seceded states, and he frankly declared his devotion to the Union. "It will not be safe for you to remain in the South," he was told. "Very well," he replied, "I will go where I can live with such sentiments." And he went North.

His crowning achievement is said to be the naval victory in Mobile Bay in 1864. This was the most important harbor of the Gulf Coast, and here early one morning occurred one of the most dreadful naval fights of the war. Mobile Harbor was the last channel of communication between the South and the markets of the world.

In this battle Farragut stood in the main rigging of his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, amid a storm of shot and

shell. The smoke became so dense that he climbed higher in order to be able to give the command to the signal-officer. "If a bullet strikes him he will fall to the deck," said the captain of the ship; "we must lash him to the rigging."



Redrawn from painting
Farragut at Mobile

He accordingly sent a sailor aloft with a rope. And to-day we have a famous painting showing Farragut tied to the rigging.

After the war Admiral Farragut made an official voyage to the principal ports of Europe as the representative of the naval power of the United States.

In the spring of 1862, about the same time that Farragut made the attack on New Orleans, and two years before the battle of Mobile Bay, the Union ships were terrified by the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* off the coast of Virginia. There was reason for alarm. The *Merrimac* had already attacked their wooden vessels. Had she not destroyed the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*? And she was about to attack another fine ship, the *Minnesota*.

In the meantime the Union Government said: "We must match her with an ironclad." And, indeed, at this very time there was one being built, and almost completed.

Captain Ericsson, a Swedish inventor in New York, had received the order to build as quickly as possible a warship, covered with iron. There was no rest for Ericsson and his men; day and night they labored, and a strange little ship called the *Monitor* was the result. "Look at the Yankee cheese-box on a raft," exclaimed the Confederates as the little craft came in sight, steaming up Hampton Roads, commanded by Lieutenant Worden.

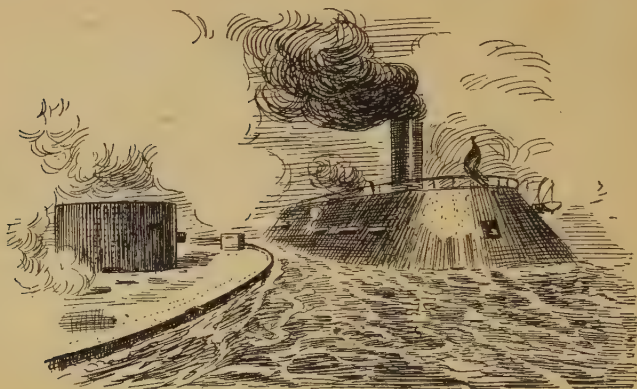
It was not long before an awful battle occurred between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Neither ship was destroyed, but the *Minnesota* was saved. It was the first battle ever fought between ironclads, and the day for wooden war-ships was at an end.

By the blockade of the different ports the Confederate states were closed to the markets of the world. The planter sent his cotton to the port, but it could go no farther. It was piled into great stacks, and a pound of cotton that was sold elsewhere for two dollars and fifty cents could be bought for four cents at the Southern ports.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Let us now see what took place on land.

The great aim of the North was to capture Richmond and get possession of the Mississippi. In order to do this, the Union forces must break through the Confederate lines and drive the Southern forces back.



Battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*

In the first year of the war the Union army met with defeat in Virginia. A terrible battle was fought one hot July day at Bull Run. Neither army was well disciplined. The forces were composed chiefly of volunteers who were unaccustomed to warfare. At first it seemed as if there would be a Union victory. The Confederates had fallen back. Just then a Southern officer cried: "See, there's Jackson standing like a stone-wall," and from that time on that officer has been known as Stonewall Jackson.

Let us glance at the life of this man who did not admit defeat.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson, was born in Virginia. His father died when young Thomas was only three years of age. His mother was left with three little children, and she must now earn money to support them. In her home of one

room she taught a little class of boys and girls, and when school hours were over, she did sewing for others. At the age of six years Thomas was sent to his uncle's home. He was a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy with waving brown hair. A year later his mother died.

No matter what young Jackson did he persevered until he accomplished his object. He was fond of music, and one time during recess at school he became interested in making a cornstalk fiddle. The teacher rang the bell — a signal for the children to return to their lessons. But there was one vacant seat. Thomas Jackson heard the bell but his fiddle was not completed. His little sister was sent out to call him. "Wait till I finish this fiddle," he replied. But the teacher was not interested in Thomas's fiddle, and it was not long before young Jackson was in his proper place in the school room.

The boy was fond of arithmetic, and in this he easily excelled. He had to work hard at his other studies, however, but it is said that he never left a lesson unmastered. He gained a reputation for truthfulness. At play he was a leader in the sports, and he excelled in climbing and jumping. The boys were eager to be on his side when he was captain, as he nearly always won.

Later Jackson received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. Do you remember George Washington's rules for behavior? While at West Point Thomas Jackson composed a set of rules relating to manners, dress, choice of friends, and the aims of life. He wrote them in a private blank book for his own use. Among them were the following:

"You may be whatever you resolve to be."

"Sacrifice your life rather than your word."

"Endeavor to do well everything which you undertake."

"Avoid trifling conversation."

"Tolerate no uncleanness in body or clothes."

"Be cautious in your selections of friends."

"Always look people in the face when addressing them."

"Say as little of yourself as possible."

When Jackson was graduated from West Point the War with Mexico had begun, and his class was ordered into service. Later Major Jackson resigned from the army and became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. "Do you not hesitate to take this position?" asked a friend. "No," was the answer, "one can always do what he wills to accomplish."



"Stonewall" Jackson

At one time he walked a mile in the rain to correct a statement that he had made. "Why do you go to such trouble for an unimportant thing?" he was asked. "Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement," he answered, "and I could not sleep comfortably to-night unless I corrected it."

You know the poet Whittier's story of Barbara Frietchie and Stonewall Jackson. The incident is said to have taken place upon the entrance of General Jackson with his troops into Frederick, Mary-

land. There are authorities who tell us that it is only a myth. Be that as it may, it is true, however, in its portrait of the Southern general.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

And as Dame Barbara begged for her country's flag

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.

On the second day of the battle of Chancellorsville, in the third year of the war, General Jackson and his staff rode out to inspect the field. It was dark when they returned, and his soldiers, mistaking them for Union horsemen, fired upon them, and the brave Southern general was mortally wounded. The Confederates won the battle, but lost this noble commander. An historian, writing of this battle, says: "The Southern loss was over twelve thousand — and Stonewall Jackson."

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AND GENERAL LEE

General Robert E. Lee was the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. He had reason to be proud of his brave soldiers. Had they not swept the Union army from the very gates of Richmond? But they had done more than this — they had won at Chancellors-

ville and on other battle-fields, while the Union forces in the East had met with one discouragement after another.



Robert E. Lee

It was no wonder that the Southern general felt confident that he could march into Northern territory. Had he not tested his boys in gray? Heretofore they had fought on their own home ground, except in the one great battle of Antietam. Now they would again cross the Potomac, go into Pennsylvania, seize Harrisburg, the capital of the state, and then take Philadelphia. Successful in this, they could easily capture Wash-

ington, and save the Confederacy.

Let us see what happened. General Lee's army was composed of three divisions; the Union Army of the East or the Army of the Potomac, as it was called, had seven corps. Part of the Union forces were scattered in Maryland; but when they heard of Lee's plans, they hurried in pursuit. And not many days passed before the advance-guard of each army met outside of the little town of Gettysburg. General Lee and General Meade, the Union commander, had not yet arrived, but a terrible battle was fought that first day of July, 1863. At the close of the day the Confed-

erates had gained. Now nearly all the forces had reached the field, and the night was spent in preparation for the morrow.

Then occurred another fierce contest and the fighting did not cease until long after dark. Nothing was decided, but each army lost many of its brave soldiers.

Scarcely had the third day dawned when the guns again opened fire. Soon there was a pause of several hours. Then General Lee ordered a charge of artillery and there was an outburst of flame from one hundred and fifty guns. The Union artillery soon opened up also and cannon answered cannon until the hills shook with the awful roar. Then occurred one of the most daring acts of the war. General Pickett with fifteen thousand brave Virginians was ordered to make another charge. As

they approached the Union line, their ranks were torn with exploding shells. The remaining soldiers pressed toward the center to fill the gaps left by the dead. They rushed to the very mouths of the cannon, and it seemed as if they would attain their object, for the



Soldier's Monument on the battlefield at Gettysburg

Union line fell back, but only to recover. Another advance was made and another deadly fire came from the Union guns, and the Battle of Gettysburg was over. The Union army had won, but the loss of life was terrible.

General Lee then retreated into Virginia, and he never again tried to carry the war into the North.

It was a sad time for the Confederate General and his army. More than twenty thousand of his brave soldiers had fallen. "It is all my fault," he exclaimed as he proceeded to rally his scattered forces. Of himself only did he complain; but Southern historians tell us that he was not to blame for the defeat. "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg," he said, "I would have won that fight." The Union loss at Gettysburg was quite as great as the Confederate loss.

General Lee now desired to resign as commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. "It will be the happiest day of my life to see as its head a worthy leader," he wrote to the President of the Confederacy, "one who can accomplish all that I have wished." But Jefferson Davis replied: "To find some one more fit for command or who possesses more of the confidence of the army is to demand an impossibility."

Robert E. Lee's father, General Henry Lee, was well known as a dashing dragoon in the Revolutionary War. He was called "Light-Horse Harry," and he was a favorite of General Washington. Later he was selected by Congress to deliver a memorial address on the death of our first President, and it was then that

he said of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Like Washington, Robert E. Lee was only eleven years of age when his father died. He had a noble mother, and the son was devoted to her. We are told that he was always careful to close the cracks of the old family carriage so that she would not feel the draughts when he took her driving.

Later when he had left home for West Point, his mother wrote: "You have been both son and daughter to me."

After he was graduated from West Point he was married to Mary Custis, the great granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.

He served in the Mexican War and won the admiration of General Scott, who was commander of the United States Army. And it was only a few years before the Civil War that General Scott said: "If I were on my death-bed to-morrow and the President of the United States asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert E. Lee.'"

Twenty-three years after his graduation at West Point he was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy, and in this position he remained three years. He was then assigned to the United States cavalry. But when the Civil War broke out and his state, Virginia, seceded, he wrote to a friend: "With all my devotion to the Union, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

He loved his country, but he loved his state more. He accordingly resigned from the United States Army and went immediately to Richmond where later he was given command of the Confederate army.

But when the war was ended, as he bade his soldiers farewell he said: "Remember that we are one country now. Do not bring up your children in hostility to the Government of the United States. Bring them up to be Americans."

Later he accepted the presidency of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, which was named after the first President of the United States. "I have led the young men of the South to battle," he said; "I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall devote my remaining energy to training young men to do their duty in life."

He was president of the College for five years when he died. And to-day that college is known as Washington and Lee University. Robert E. Lee is not only loved by the South, but he is admired by the North for his noble and generous character.

VICKSBURG AND GENERAL GRANT

We have seen that the Union war vessels blockaded the Southern ports and got control of the lower Mississippi. It is true they had captured New Orleans, but



Washington and Lee University

farther up on the river was Vicksburg. To capture this Confederate city would save the river for the Union. But who was to undertake the difficult task? There stood the city on a bluff two hundred feet above the river, and it was guarded by rows of cannon planted in tiers along the slope.

While the Army of the Potomac was fighting in the East, other Union forces under General Grant got possession of the state of Tennessee. At the same time the Union gunboats opened the Mississippi River from Kentucky to Vicksburg. Now the all-important work was to capture this Confederate stronghold, and General Grant was to do it.

Let us first take a view of General Grant's boyhood. His parents had named him Hiram Ulysses; but later, on entering West Point, his name was changed to Ulysses Simpson. And why was this change? It seems that before leaving for West Point he had his initials placed on his trunk. There were the large letters — H. U. G. "I will not have it, they spell 'hug,'" said young Grant, "the cadets at West Point will tease me about it." He therefore changed the order to U. H. G. But when he reached the Military Academy his name had been sent in by a Congressman as Ulysses Simpson Grant, and it was difficult to have it changed on the books. Simpson was the maiden name of Grant's mother, and this Congressman thought that the young man was named after his mother.



Grant's tomb in
New York City

Later Grant's friends said his initials stood for United States Grant or Uncle Sam Grant. Then, too, he won the name of "Unconditional Surrender" from a victory at Fort Donelson. "If I surrender, what terms will you give me?" asked the Confederate general. "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted," answered the Union general.

The tendency to persevere in spite of hindrances was characteristic of Grant, and that same determined spirit was seen in his boyhood. He was the son of a farmer, and his youth was spent in Ohio. "I desire you to drive the team to the woods," said his father one day, "where you will find the men ready to load it with logs, and you will then drive it home." The boy drove to the woods, found the logs, but no men. What did he then do? Did he return without the load? "I was sent to bring these logs, and bring them I must, men or no men," he said to himself. And by some ingenious arrangement he succeeded in getting them on the cart alone, and returned home with them as if it were a matter of course. "Why, my son," exclaimed his father, "where are the men?" "I don't know and I don't care," said the boy. "I got the load without them."

Ulysses' steady perseverance in his studies secured for him an appointment to West Point, where he was graduated in 1843. Another boy had been appointed to the place, but he failed to pass the examinations. At first Grant hesitated to go, thinking that he would not be successful. But his father insisted and he was soon ready for the long journey.

He served in the Mexican War, and some years after the war was ended he went into the leather trade with his father. But when he heard of the surrender of Fort Sumter he said: "The Government educated me for the army, and although I have served through one war, I am still a little in debt to the Government, and am willing to discharge the obligation."

Accordingly he raised a company of volunteers and appeared before the Governor of Illinois, tendering his services to the Union.

He had been in the service nearly two years when the task of taking Vicksburg arose before him. But how could he do it? "Storm the works, storm the works," was the cry, and so he decided to storm the works. Column after column of Union soldiers advanced, but they were met with a deadly fire from the Confederate guns on the city's height. "The city cannot be taken by direct assault," said Grant, and a siege of six weeks was begun. Day and night the firing continued. The people of Vicksburg were afraid to remain in their houses, and the women and children fled to the caves dug out of the sides of the hills. The Confederate soldiers hid behind embankments to protect themselves from the cannon-balls.

But, there was more reason for alarm. Food was becoming scarce. Besides the inhabitants there was an army of forty thousand men in the city to feed. Flour was worth one thousand dollars a barrel, and meat sold for two dollars and a half a pound. Rations became less each day, and there was little more than mule meat to eat. At last there was not even this.

Diseases, caused by hunger and fatigue, added to the horrors. The brave defenders could hold out no longer, and on the Fourth of July the Stars and Bars came down from the fort, while the Stars and Stripes went up.

"Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary," said General Grant. He gave orders that food should be given to the Confederate soldiers, and that no cheering should be allowed when the Confederate army should march out and pile their guns in front of the Union lines. "Men who have made such a noble defense and who have fought for the cause which they considered right shall not be humiliated," he said.

This took place about the same time as the Battle of Gettysburg. Later Port Hudson, between Vicksburg and New Orleans, was taken, and now the Mississippi River was open to the Union, and, said President Lincoln, "The Father of Waters flows unvexed to the sea." The Confederacy was now cut in two and many people thought that the war was at an end; but General Grant realized that there was much yet to do.

It is said that during the siege of Vicksburg a company of men were discussing the probability of Grant's taking the city. An old man who had heard the conversation was appealed to for his opinion. "I rather think he'll do it," he replied. "What makes you think so?" he was asked. "Well, I don't know; but our Ulysses always did do whatever he said he would."

There was one thing that General Grant did not care

to do and that was to make a speech. At one time a serenade was given in his honor, and when he appeared on the balcony, the people shouted, "Speech, speech." He took off his hat and everybody was still. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for this honor; making speeches is not my business. I never did it in my life, and I never will. I thank you, however, for your attendance." And the people did not get the speech.



Gen. U. S. Grant
Statue by H. M. Shrady in Prospect Park,
Brooklyn

General Grant began with the rank of Colonel of Volunteers. In three years he rose from this position to the command of all the armies of the North. And later he received the highest honor that our country can give—he became our President and was honored by the rulers of the world.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Another great general of the war was William T. Sherman. He was with Grant at Vicksburg. It was later decided that General Grant should go east and take command of the Army of the Potomac. General Sherman then became the chief commander in the West. Grant was to advance upon Richmond while

Sherman with an army of sixty thousand men was to capture Atlanta and thence to march across Georgia to the sea.

General Sherman thought by this march that he would cut the Confederacy again, and thus hasten the end of the war. He destroyed railroads and telegraph lines, and thus cut off supplies. "Better to lose property," he said, "than to lose life."



Destroying the telegraph

graph wires were cut.

It was November 15th when the army began its long march from Atlanta to the sea — a distance of three hundred miles. "Your army will starve," Sherman was told. "Georgia has a million of inhabi-

There were several severe battles fought before General Sherman's army entered Atlanta. He took this city and sent the despatch to Washington: "Atlanta is ours and fairly won." The city had large factories and iron foundries. "We must burn these," said Sherman, "for it will stop the manufacture of articles that the Confederacy needs to carry on the war." And what was done? Atlanta was burned, bridges and railroads were destroyed, and tele-

tants. If they can live, we should not starve," was the reply.

The soldiers, too, hoped that this march would bring the war to a close. On both sides they had not only suffered hardships by the cruelties of war, but they had seen many a life destroyed before its time. And as General Sherman rode past the long lines, they called out: "Uncle Billy, we guess that Grant is waiting for us at Richmond."

They were to march fifteen miles a day, beginning at seven o'clock in the morning. They accordingly set out in four columns, cutting a swath from forty to sixty miles wide. And thus they marched on day after day.



Tearing up railroads

Foraging parties accompanied the army. They were called "bummers," and they provided the food for the soldiers. They started in advance and went out for miles on each side of the army to gather poultry, vegetables, or forage of any kind. But they had certain instructions. They must not enter dwellings or commit any trespass, and in all

foraging they must endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance. Some of them broke these rules and treated the people of Georgia cruelly, without General Sherman's knowledge. Narrow lines of men on horseback were on each side of the army. They were called flankers, and it was their duty to prevent any surprise by the Confederates. Last of all in the march came those whose work was to destroy railroads and burn bridges.

The army was followed by crowds of negroes; but many of them did not know what the march meant. "We'se gwine along, we'se free," they exclaimed. At one



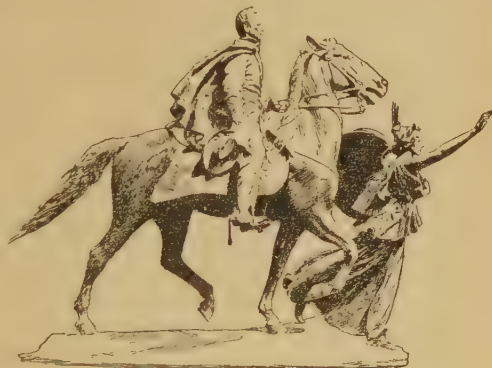
Following the army

time a colored woman with a child in her arms walked along among the cattle and horses. "Where are you going, aunty?" asked an officer. "I'se gwine whar you's gwine, massa," was her reply.

The people in the North were anxious to

know how General Sherman and his army were faring; and no one was more anxious than President Lincoln. But there was no way of knowing, for the telegraph lines had been cut. It is said that at a morning reception at the White House the President was very absent-minded. His silence was noticed. "Pardon me if I am a little preoccupied," he said; "to tell the truth, I was thinking about a man in Georgia."

At last a message came on Christmas eve, and it was from General Sherman. The despatch said: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."



Gen. Wm. T. Sherman

Statue by St. Gaudens in New York City

Not long after this famous march, Henry C. Work composed the song, "Marching through Georgia." The following is the first stanza:

"Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song —
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia."

We are told that this song pursued General Sherman, not only from city to city in this country, but in all the great cities of Europe, where he was received

with honor. And it is said that at one time in Boston, when he was reviewing the Grand Army of the Republic, he saw from the stand two hundred and fifty bands and one hundred fife and drum corps pass in review, and as they passed, the strain of their music was "Marching through Georgia."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

General Sherman and his army were now in Savannah. His men were eager to resume the march, and it was not many weeks before they did.

Where was General Grant all this time? After the siege of Vicksburg he went into Virginia. His object was to take Richmond, for he thought the capture of the Confederate capital would put an end to the war.

But to take Richmond was not an easy task, and terrible battles were fought before the city surrendered. One morning the army entered a dark forest, and there for two days they fought. The underbrush caught fire and many brave soldiers were burned to death.

We are told that in this Battle of the Wilderness a certain regiment, after being repulsed, made another charge when they heard some one singing the chorus of the "Battle Cry of Freedom":

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

George F. Root of Chicago wrote this song after President Lincoln issued his second call for troops in the summer of 1861.

After the Battle of the Wilderness and a few other terrible battles, General Grant took a position south of Richmond, at Petersburg. General Lee's forces were too weak to drive him away. But there was one thing that the Confederate general could do—he could prevent Grant's advance upon Richmond. He made the Government at Washington a little anxious when he sent General Early to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

"We must put a stop to these Confederate raids," said Grant, and it was not long before General Philip Sheridan was sent to oppose General Early. There was reason for alarm when the Confederate general was within a few miles of Washington. But now Sheridan was going through the Shenandoah laying waste the fields. "If a crow wants to fly down the valley he must carry his provisions with him," was "Little Phil's" report to Grant. Sheridan was small and his friends fondly called him "Little Phil."

One morning, however, the Confederate army surprised the Union forces at Cedar Creek. It was a good morning for a surprise for there was a dense fog, and the Union army was easily put to flight. "O for Sheridan," was the cry. And where was Sheridan at this time?

He had gone to Washington, thinking that his army would be safe from attack. Now he was returning, and he had reached Winchester when a messenger met him with the news. "Little Phil" had no time to lose—he was nearly twenty miles from Cedar Creek, and he heard distant sounds of firing.

Mounting his black horse, Rienzi, he dashed forward at full speed. As he approached the scene of battle he met the Union forces fleeing. He waved his hat to the men, and pointing to the front, he cried, "Face

the other way, boys. We will go and recover our camps." At the same time he rode on, never lessening the speed of his horse.

When the soldiers recognized their general and his black charger, they broke into cheers and started after him for the front. "Sheridan! Sheridan!" they cried. "Little Phil" soon reorganized the lines, and the defeated army won a victory before the day ended.

Referring to this victory, General Grant said: "Turning what bade fair to be a disaster

into a victory stamps Sheridan one of the ablest of generals." And the poet has sung:

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan.

Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man.

And when their statues are placed on high,



General Phil Sheridan
Statue by Gutzon Borglum in
Washington, D. C.

Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame —
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away."

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

General Grant's army laid siege to Petersburg, and here he remained for many months. General Lee, seeing at length that his army was not strong enough to hold the Confederate capital, left the city and marched westward. General Grant followed.

There was nothing now for Lee to do but to surrender, and he agreed to talk the matter over with General Grant. The two great commanders met in a private house in the village of Appomattox Court House. Their deportment was very simple. General Grant wore neither sword nor epaulets and his rank was evident only by the three stars on his shoulder. His respect for General Lee was manifest; he showed no elation over the victory, and he forbade cheering and other demonstrations of rejoicing. It is customary in war for the defeated general to surrender his sword. Lee wore the beautiful sword given to him by the state of Virginia, and Grant did not ask for it.

The two generals were alone with their aides when the agreement was signed. The Confederates were to lay down their arms and return to their homes. This occurred April 9th, 1865. After all was done

General Lee said that he had forgotten to ask that the men in the cavalry and artillery might keep their horses, but that he supposed it was too late now to grant the request. And what was the reply? "They will need their horses to do their spring plowing," said Grant, and the men returned to their homes with their horses. Lee was touched with this generosity. "There is nothing that could have been done to accomplish more good, either for them or the Government," he said. Then the two great generals shook hands, and as Lee passed out, the Union officers saluted him.

When he reached the Confederate lines, his soldiers crowded around him to touch his hand. And with tears in his eyes he said: "Men, we have fought through the war together, I have done the best that I could for you. My heart is too full to say more." When Grant heard that Lee's army were in a starving condition, having had nothing to eat for several days but parched corn, he ordered that food should be given to them. And soon were the boys in blue sharing their rations with the boys in gray. Not long after this, General Johnston surrendered a large army in North Carolina to General Sherman, and the dreadful war was over.

The war had lasted more than four years. In the South there was ruin everywhere—plantations deserted, bridges and railways destroyed. The cost of the war to the North was more than three billion dollars. But these costs were little in comparison to the loss of life—more than half a million men lay buried on the battle-fields.

The Union, however, was preserved, slavery was

destroyed, peace was restored, and the North and the South were again one country, as they are to-day.

It is true that after the war there was great suffering in the South, but the people were courageous and they bravely went to work and brought order out of confusion. Before the war the negroes worked as slaves, now they were hired to pick the cotton in the fields. And what was the result? More cotton was raised by free labor than by the work of slaves. The South to-day is glad that slavery is a thing of the past.

You remember that the Southerner sent his cotton to the North and to England, to be manufactured into cloth. Now what happened? "We will build factories and make our own cloth," said the people of the South. And so they did. They not only built factories to work part of their own cotton, but they opened mines and started other industries; and to-day we know the South as the "New South," and our country is proud of it.

The North and the South, the East and the West, are one country — our country. In the words of President Lincoln: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

CHAPTER X

THE RESTORATION OF PEACE



A Ku-Klux mask

ALTHOUGH the field fighting was at an end, it was some years before complete harmony was restored. In April, 1865, the Confederates laid down their arms; but when Congress met, in December of that year, it refused to admit representatives from the states that had withdrawn from the Union. What was the cause of this refusal?

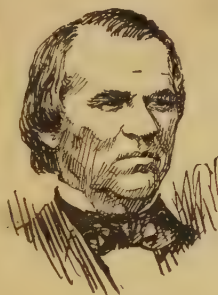
President Lincoln declared, "These states have never been out of the Union," and when the war was ended, he desired each state to send its representatives to Congress, and to act as if there never had been a quarrel. But the wise and tactful Lincoln was now dead, and the Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, became his successor.

A QUARREL BETWEEN PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

Andrew Johnson was a Southerner, born in North Carolina. His parents belonged to the "poor whites," whose social standing was but little above that of the slaves. He had never attended school, but he had learned a trade — that of a tailor — and he worked

hard at it. Before he was married he had scarcely learned to read and write, and we are told that his wife became his first and only teacher.

Johnson persevered in his studies, and it was not long before he was sent to the legislature of his adopted state, Tennessee. Later he became a member of the lower house of Congress, and not many years passed before he was elected to the upper house, or the



Andrew Johnson

United States Senate. When the war began Andrew Johnson was the only one of the twenty-two senators from the seceded states who remained faithful to the Union.

This attracted the attention of the Republican party, and when Lincoln was nominated for a second term, Johnson was nominated for Vice-President. A little more than a month of Lincoln's second term had passed when the War President died, and the Vice-President took his place.

Johnson had a difficult task before him. He believed with Lincoln that no state had been out of the Union,

and that, since the war was ended, the Southern states had now a right to send representatives to Congress.

But Congress thought differently, and when it refused these representatives Johnson became angry, and he could show his anger. It is said that at one time he kept away a mob by the glare of his eyes. He had not the tact and self-control of Lincoln; he was outspoken and obstinate, and he made many enemies. He was honest and fearless — always ready to fight for what he believed to be right. But, unfortunately, he was not willing to acknowledge that he was ever in the wrong.

Congress had established a department called a Freedman's Bureau whose work was to find employment for the colored people and to establish schools for them. Johnson disliked slavery, but he was not otherwise friendly to the colored man and he opposed this department. Later Congress passed a bill to give more power to the Freedman's Bureau. But before a bill can become a law, it must be sent to the President for his approval. If he refuses to sign it, he vetoes it (veto — from the Latin "I forbid"), that is, he returns the bill to Congress with his objections.

Johnson vetoed the bill, and the quarrel between him and Congress became bitter. His enemies called him Sir Veto because in three years he had vetoed twenty-one bills, of which Congress passed fifteen over his veto. Under our constitution a bill may still become law after the President has vetoed it, but it must be voted on again and must pass both Houses by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Another bill passed by Congress over Johnson's veto was the Tenure of Office act. It forbade the President to remove the higher classes of office holders without the consent of the Senate. Johnson said, "The Constitution of the United States gives Congress no right to pass such an act," and it was not long before he quarreled with the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and removed him from office without asking the consent of the Senate.

When the President did this, his enemies cried out fiercely against him. "Johnson has disobeyed the law and is not fit to be President," they declared. Many of these enemies were members of Congress. What would now be done? The whole country waited almost breathlessly to see what would happen.

If a President of the United States does wrong, it is the duty of the lower house of Congress to bring charges against him, and this act is called impeachment. If the House impeaches a President, he must stand trial before the Senate. The Senate is both judge and jury. If the Senate pronounces him guilty he ceases to be President. If it acquits him, or pronounces him innocent, he continues in his office. It requires a two-thirds majority to convict.

When President Johnson dismissed Mr. Stanton from his cabinet, the House brought charges against him, declaring that, "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors." This was a most serious step to take. Never before had the President of the United States been impeached.

Next came the trial before the Senate — the greatest and most famous trial in the history of America. Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase presided.

It was in the spring of 1868 when President Johnson was tried before the Senate on the charges brought against him by the House. For more than two months the great trial continued, and when the day came for the senators to vote, the senate-chamber was crowded. The roll was called and each senator arose as his name was pronounced and voted "guilty" or "not guilty." When the roll was completed there was lacking one vote to convict the accused, and Johnson was acquitted. He therefore remained in office until the end of his term.

TROUBLES IN THE SOUTH

The period of our country's history following the Civil War is known as the Reconstruction period. It was then that the seceded states were reconstructed and restored to the Union. But before this was done several amendments or changes were made to the Constitution, and the seceded states could not send representatives to Congress until they accepted these amendments. It is difficult to amend our Constitution because the convention which framed it required the vote of two-thirds of both Houses and the vote of majorities in three-fourths of the state legislatures. To secure such an agreement is not easy.

Twelve amendments had already been added, and it was now more than sixty years after the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, when the Thirteenth Amendment was added. This provided that slavery shall not

exist anywhere in the United States. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation declared slavery abolished in all parts of the South that were fighting against the Union, but this was a war order and did not affect slavery in other states. It was not then until the adoption of this Thirteenth Amendment, 1865, that slavery was finally abolished.

Three years after the adoption of this amendment another change was made. In 1868 the Fourteenth Amendment was added. This provided that no state should take away the privilege of its citizens, either white or black. It excluded leaders of the Confederacy from office until pardoned by Congress. This amendment gave the colored man the same privileges as the white man. Tennessee was the first of the eleven seceded states to accept the amendment.

But the other ten states were not willing to adopt it. Congress then formed the seceded states into military districts, and each district was ruled by an officer in command of soldiers. During this time the states were to frame new state governments, and to adopt the Fourteenth Amendment.

Congress insisted that no Southerner should be elected to office unless he could take an oath that he had not taken part in the War against the Union. "This is an unjust law," said the Southerners, and they called it the "ironclad oath." Since the colored man had the same vote as the white man, what was the result? For a few years the South was ruled by the most ignorant class of men.

Men from the North took advantage of the "ironclad

oath," and they went South to seek office. They were called "carpetbaggers," because their only property was in their carpet travelling bags. Often these carpet-baggers were elected to office by the colored men, who could not make a wise choice, for they were not educated.

Besides these colored voters there were at this time in the South men who were so dishonest that they would cast their votes for anyone who would pay them for it. They were known as "scalawags" — worthless fellows. This name was first applied to the undersized cattle of Shetland.

For years the Southerners suffered much from bad state governments. It is said that the legislature of South Carolina from 1868 to 1872 had only twenty-two members out of one hundred and fifty-five who could read and write, several could write only their names, and the remaining ones used the X mark for their signatures. Eighty-eight of the members were colored men, and ninety paid no taxes, yet this legislature spent millions of dollars of the people's money. We are told that some of the members bought jewelry, parasols and hoods for their wives and sweethearts with money from the treasury.

Up to this time the colored people had never taken care of themselves; even their food had been provided for them. They had no property, no experience in government; yet these men became the rulers in the South and they were protected by the United States soldiers.

At this time a secret organization was formed in the South — the Ku-Klux-Klan. It was started by some

Tennessee young men as a joke, but later this secret order became a serious farce. Its object was to frighten the negroes from voting. "White men shall govern the South," the Klan said.

The Ku-Klux-Klan's work was done in the darkness of midnight. The members wore long white gowns with loose flowing sleeves. They had tall cardboard hats from which extended horns resembling candy bags. Their faces were masked. From the mouth extended a long tongue made of red flannel, so fixed that it could be moved about by the man's tongue. The Klan rode on sheeted horses. They posted on trees and fences warnings to the "carpetbaggers" and "scalawags," and they spread terror among the colored people.

A Ku-Klux would stop before the cabin of some negro and ask for a bucket of water. If the colored man brought him a dipper, he would demand the bucket, place it to his mouth until every drop of water was gone. "That's the first drink I have had since I was killed in battle," he would say, as he returned the empty bucket to the frightened negro, who could not see that the water was poured into an oiled sack underneath the Ku-Klux gown. As the colored man readily believed in ghosts, advice from such a specter, as to his future conduct, left an impression not soon forgotten.

The Klan finally came under the control of irresponsible men, and committed so many outrages, even murdering for pay, that Congress passed laws to end the order and its practices.

It took the Southern states years to get rid of these bad "carpetbag" governments. When Congress

passed an act allowing most of the Confederates to hold office again, the better class of Southern people took part in public affairs, and worked hard to restore good government.

Six years passed after the war had closed before all the states could send representatives to Congress.



Ulysses S. Grant

Since there were men in the South preventing the colored men from voting, Congress passed the Fifteenth Amendment. Its object was to forbid any state to deprive its citizens of the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This amendment was the last change made to the Constitution as the result of the War. The three amendments — the Thirteenth, the Fourteenth, and the Fifteenth — have been called the Civil War Amendments.

Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia were the last of the seceded states to come back into the Union. They had not been willing to accept the demands of

Congress, and now to be re-admitted they must not only agree to the Thirteenth and the Fourteenth Amendment, but also to the Fifteenth. These they finally accepted, and once more all states were represented in Congress.

General Grant was nominated for the presidency by the Republicans in 1868. In his letter of acceptance he wrote, "Let us have peace," and this phrase the Republican party took as its keynote. Later General Grant was elected.

THE ALABAMA

There were many disturbing questions during Grant's term of office. One of the most important was that with regard to the *Alabama* claims. The *Alabama* was



The "Alabama"

a Confederate cruiser, which with other Confederate vessels had been built and supplied with coal in British ports. These cruisers would then sail out upon the seas and destroy millions of dollars' worth of United States property.

Our government then declared, "Every nation is bound to prevent persons living in its territory from waging war against a friendly nation. Great Britain

has not prevented the *Alabama* and the other cruisers from escaping to sea. She ought now to pay for at least part of the damage done by them." And what was Great Britain's answer? "There were no laws under which we could seize these cruisers," she said, "but matters will be better arranged in the future."

This answer, however, did not satisfy the United States, and there was more argument between the two countries. At last it was agreed that representatives from both nations should meet at Washington and decide upon some plan to end the dispute.

The representatives met and drew up an agreement known as the Treaty of Washington. This treaty provided for a court composed of five persons, to meet at Geneva in Switzerland. The President of the United States and the Queen of England each sent a representative. The other three members were appointed by the King of Italy, the Emperor of Brazil, and the President of Switzerland. Such a body to decide disputes, composed in part of members who favor neither side, is known as a court of arbitration. The Court met at Geneva, heard the evidence on both sides, and decided that Great Britain should pay to the United States fifteen and one-half million dollars for the damage done.

GRANT AND GREELEY IN A RACE

The race was for a great prize — the Presidency of the United States.

President Grant had been a good commander in the war, but a great many people thought him a weak

President. On this account there was a split in his party, a large number of Republicans declaring they would not support him for a second term.

Therefore, when the election of 1872 drew near, these men formed a new party and called it the Liberal Republican party.

The Republicans nominated Grant for a second term. One of their songs was:

The Ku-Klux-Klan
Don't like our man,
To beat him they
Will plot and plan.
But Ku-Klux-Klan
May rave and rant;
Beat Grant, they can't,
They can't beat Grant.

The Liberal Republicans, however, would not support General Grant and they nominated Horace Greeley for President. They sang:

Greeley forever! Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Pack off Ulysses to dwell with his pa.
We'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
• We'll rally once again,
Shouting for Greeley and the Union.

And who was Horace Greeley that the Liberal Republicans should nominate him for President? He was editor of one of the foremost Republican papers — the *New York Tribune*. He had lived an interesting life. At six years of age he could read any book, and

as he grew older he often would be found lying under the shade of a tree reading for hours at a time, forgetting even his meals, and noticing nothing until darkness came on. It is said that he could spell any word in the Bible, but he was a poor penman, and later in life his letters often were misunderstood.



Horace Greeley

His parents were poor, and the boys often made fun of young Greeley because of his clothing. He was good-natured and not easily provoked. "It is better to wear my old clothes," he said, "than to run into debt for new ones." From the time of his birth until he was twenty-one years of age, we are told, he did not have fifty dollars' worth of clothes.

Before he was ten years of age he was determined to become a printer, and at fifteen he became an apprentice in a printing office in Vermont, where he served five years. During his apprenticeship he visited his parents twice, who were then living in Pennsylvania, and each

time he walked nearly the whole distance—six hundred miles.

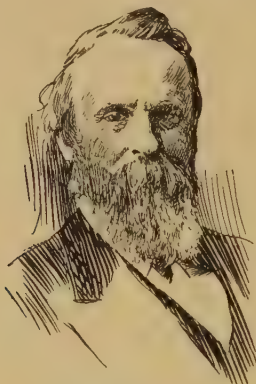
Later he went to New York City to seek work. But this awkward tow-headed youth had no friend in that city, not even an acquaintance, and he had no letter of recommendation in his pocket. For three days he looked for work. His money was almost gone when a young Irishman told him that a printer was wanted at a certain shop. Young Greeley was engaged, and he worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day to earn five dollars a week. From this time on he found employment, and he arose from one position to another. The secret of his success was the fact that he knew his trade thoroughly; he was a reader and remembered what he read. But above all, he had learned to do hard work faithfully and cheerfully.

The Liberal Republicans, however, did not win the election, and Horace Greeley did not become President. General Grant was elected for a second term.

During these four years there were money troubles and many fortunes were lost. This period is known as the Panic of 1873. (The word *panic* comes from the Greek god Pan. The Greeks supposed him to be the cause of sudden fear.) After the War, when money was plentiful, the people spent it freely and speculated unwisely, and failure followed failure. It took four or five years for business to become prosperous again.

At the close of General Grant's second term Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor of Ohio, was nominated by the Republicans and later he was elected. General

Grant had begun to withdraw the United States soldiers from the state houses of the South, and to prohibit the interference of soldiers with the elections in those states.



Rutherford B. Hayes

Mr. Hayes completed the work, and now the last of the reconstructed governments had disappeared; the Southern states were again controlled by the white voters.

CHAPTER XI

NEW TERRITORIES AND INDUSTRIES



THE old-time cotton plantations have disappeared from the South, but many Southerners are still engaged in cotton raising. The colored man today works for wages, and the result is that much more cotton is produced than before the War.

Besides farming, with its important changes, many new occupations have arisen in the South. The Southerners today are manufacturing much of the cotton into cloth, they are mining coal in the mountain regions, and they are exporting some of this coal to Europe. They are making pig-iron, and their saw mills are furnishing lumber to all parts of America.

MOVING TO THE WEST

But there is not only a new South, there is also a new West. With the growth in population and industries there came an increase in railroads, and now in 1913 there are no less than six railways connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Sixty years ago the region between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains was a wilderness —

an Indian hunting-ground. Buffaloes roamed over the western plains. But when gold and silver were discovered the white man rushed to the West. Before 1860 there were very few settlers except the miners, west of the Mississippi river.

In 1863 Congress passed the Homestead Law. This gave a farm of one hundred and sixty acres of government land in the West to every settler who would build a house and improve the land within a given time. Not only persons from the Eastern States took advantage of this law and made themselves homes in the Northwest, but there came many immigrants from Europe, especially from Germany, Norway, and Sweden.

The settler would mark out his claim and begin making a home. It may have been a sod house, or a dugout



The overland mail

at first. Then other settlers would come, and they would build a schoolhouse, a church, and a store. In the store would be the post-office that received the mail from the overland stage.

Before 1860 there was a railroad to Missouri, but beyond this there was no way of sending letters to the far West. Then came the pony express. The mail-

carrier mounted on his pony would hurry to a station twenty-five miles away, and there he would mount another pony and ride off at full speed to the next station, where he would find a second rider to whom he would deliver the mail. The second one would then be off at break-neck speed. These post riders were exposed to many dangers, and thrilling were the tales they told of their encounters with the Indians.

But with the building of railways and the coming of the telegraph, the pony express and the overland stage disappeared. The wilderness and prairie have changed into grain farms and fruit orchards. The buffaloes have been succeeded by horses, cattle, and sheep. Villages have grown into towns and towns into cities. Territories have been admitted as States, and beyond the Mississippi is the new West.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

While our country is growing in territory and developing in industry, one President succeeds another.

Mr. Hayes was President one term, and then in 1880 General James A. Garfield of Ohio was elected by the Republicans.

When James Garfield was only two years of age his father died. His mother was a brave woman and she worked hard on her little farm to support her family. On Sundays she would tell them Bible stories, and no one listened more eagerly than little James. As he grew older he was so quick and clever that his Uncle Amos said, "If James gets the right training, he will be a teacher some day or maybe a preacher."

But the boy at this time was not thinking of becoming a teacher or a preacher. He desired to earn some money to help build a four-room cottage for his mother, so that she might live like her neighbors who had moved from their log-cabins into frame houses.



James A. Garfield

James had become interested in carpentry, so he presented himself at the village carpenter's shop and asked for work. "There is a pile of rough boards," said the carpenter. "I will give you a cent apiece for planing them." The boy accepted the offer, and after days of hard labor he had earned a dollar. He felt, however, well paid for the work, and determined now to become a carpenter.

He learned the trade, but there was little demand for the work; and when his uncle, who lived near the city of Cleveland, offered him twenty-five dollars to cut one hundred cords of wood, James was eager for the job. As he was working there by the lake he

longed to go to sea and become a sailor, but the ocean was too far away. He would see a little of the world, however, by working on his uncle's boat that ran on the Ohio canal, so he engaged himself to drive the mules along the towpath. At first he found pleasure in the stops along the canal, which were often crowded with people. But the novelty soon wore off, and he was glad to be back on his mother's little farm.

He was now seventeen years of age. He enjoyed studying and longed for more education. "There are many poor boys at the Seminary who are working outside of school hours to pay their expenses," said the village schoolmaster.

Young Garfield now determined to work hard at the carpenter's trade so that he could earn money to go to the Seminary and later to college. Faithfully he toiled to get a higher education, and at twenty-five years of age he was graduated at Williams College in Massachusetts. He then became a teacher at Hiram College in Ohio, and was made its president some years later. He served in the Civil War and became a general. Later he was sent to Congress.

While in Congress Mr. Garfield was always industrious. One day a friend called at his office and found him deeply engaged in study. A pile of Latin books was on the table. "What does this mean?" asked the visitor.

"I find that I am overworked and need recreation," answered Mr. Garfield. "The best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, so I am resting by learning all

that I can find in the Library of Congress about the Latin poet Horace."

When he became President of our country he refused to give office to men merely because party leaders demanded it. He was President only four months when a disappointed office-seeker fatally shot him. This crime aroused Congress, and it made a law re-



Chester A. Arthur

quiring many offices to be filled only by men who had successfully passed an examination, and that these should not lose their places when the party that appointed them went out of power. This is known as the Civil Service Reform.

At the death of General Garfield, Chester A. Arthur of New York, the Vice-President, became President.

GROVER CLEVELAND

General Garfield was the fourth President who died in office. If the President and Vice-President should

both die in office, who would become President? That was a question the people were asking when Congress passed the Presidential Succession Act, in 1886.

This law provides that the members of the President's Cabinet shall succeed in the following order—Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, the Attorney-



Grover Cleveland

General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. But to become President, each Cabinet member must be eligible for the office. That is, he must be a natural born citizen of the United States; he must have lived at least fourteen years in this country, and he must be at least thirty-five years of age.

At the close of Mr. Arthur's term of office the Democrats came into power. The Republicans had been holding office for more than twenty years, and now in 1884 Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, was elected.

He was the son of a Presbyterian minister who was a

graduate of Yale University. After preaching for a time in Connecticut, Mr. Cleveland was called to a church in Caldwell, New Jersey. It was in this town, in a plain, old-fashioned house, that Grover Cleveland was born.

When Grover was four years of age the family moved to Fayetteville, and the boy entered the academy across the street from his father's home. His great desire was to prepare for college, but there were now nine children in the Cleveland family, and Grover had attended the academy scarcely a year when he was obliged to leave and go to work in a store. But he continued his studying. He read his books in the evenings, and often at the store when he had a few moments to spare.

After spending ten years at Fayetteville, Grover's father moved to Clinton, New York. Here was a preparatory school and a college. Grover attended the school, and was soon ready for college, but he was too young to enter. He then went back to Fayetteville and worked in the store for two years.

He was now sixteen years of age, and ready to enter college, when his father died and the family were left poor. He must give up the idea of going to college. Could he not become a lawyer? Could he not study in some office? Then, too, he had read of the great opportunities of the West.

"I will go to Ohio," he said, "and make my fortune as best I can." Ohio was then considered a western state. A friend of his father's gave him twenty-five dollars to pay for his journey. "You need not return

the money," said this friend, "but when you become a successful man, give it to some other boy who is trying to get up in the world."

On his journey to Ohio he decided to visit his uncle in Buffalo, who was a man of influence. The uncle was pleased with the boy, and told him not to go to Ohio but to remain in Buffalo, and promised that he would place him in a law office.

Young Cleveland was soon studying law, and as he read page after page he became so much interested that the lawyer with whom he was studying said, "That boy will succeed; he is made of the right kind of stuff."

Four years after he began his study, he was admitted to the bar. "Grover won our admiration by his three traits of character, — industry, courage, and honesty," said a lawyer. "I never saw a more thorough man in anything he undertook." And years later another lawyer said of him, "Mr. Cleveland was the most industrious man I ever knew in any department of life. Time after time he would remain in his office working all night."

He rose from one position to another until he became Governor of New York State, and later President of the United States. He served four years when Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate, was made President. But at the close of Mr. Harrison's term, in 1893, Mr. Cleveland was again elected and served another four years.

NEW TERRITORY

Among important bills passed by Congress during Harrison's administration and signed by the President in May, 1892, was the Chinese Exclusion Act.

Besides those hardy immigrants that came from northern Europe and settled in the West and made homes, there were other foreigners coming to our country who were not so desirable. These did not come



Benjamin Harrison

to our Eastern ports; they were Chinamen migrating from their country in large numbers to our Pacific coast. They had no thought of making America their home; they did not come to remain in our country.

These Chinamen lived cheaply and worked for very low wages, and after earning a few hundred dollars they would return to their native land. Then others of their countrymen would cross the Pacific and do the same thing. The American laborer did not live so meanly and he could not afford to work so cheaply; and when these Chinamen came over in great hordes,

the people of the Pacific states demanded that they should be kept out of the country. Congress then yielded to the demand by passing the Chinese Exclusion Act.

But our country has not only been growing in population through one administration after another,



Alaska

it has also been increasing in territory. In 1867 the United States bought Alaska from Russia for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. At the time of the purchase this territory was inhabited by various Indian tribes. Although Alaska contains more than five hundred and ninety thousand square miles, there were persons in the United States who said, "We have paid too much for this land of icebergs and polar bears."

Time has proved, however, that Alaska has added

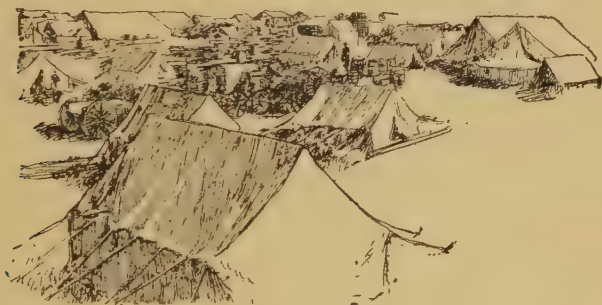
much to the wealth of the United States. Even before the rich deposits of gold were discovered in the Klondike region, the territory more than paid for itself. It is rich in seals, in salmon and cod fisheries, in pine and cedar forests; and although the winters are severe it has gained in industries, and the white man with his civilization is succeeding the Indian.

And what has our country been doing for the red man? We read of the Indian wars when Mr. Jackson was President. At that time the Indians were given portions of land or reservations. Here they live and receive aid from the government.

But it has not been all peaceful with the Indian tribes. More than once troubles have arisen. When gold was discovered in the Black Hills in Dakota, miners went there. Quarrels then arose between the Sioux Indians of that region and the white men. Our government tried to make a treaty with the Sioux to sell their land and go elsewhere, but their chief, Sitting Bull, prepared to fight. This was in 1876 when General Grant was President.

Later the Indians murdered the settlers, and then soldiers under General Custer were sent to subdue them. The Indians, however, numbered more than three thousand, and were too many for the brave general with his little army of three hundred. The soldiers fought desperately to the last, but the Indians made a savage attack and General Custer and everyone of his men were slain. Other soldiers defeated the Sioux and peace was restored. Later the government purchased the reservation and opened it to settlers.

Another reservation was the Indian Territory. The Seminole Indians had sold a portion of this region to our government on condition that no white man should be permitted to settle there. This portion was given the Indian name of Oklahoma, which means the "Beautiful Land." When white men went there the government agents drove them away, but finally Congress paid the Indians to open the land for settlement.



The city of tents

On the morning of April 22, 1889, fifty thousand persons were waiting on the boundary for the bugle to give the signal that the land was thrown open. The call was given at noon and then there was a wild rush for claims, for whoever reached a lot first might have it by paying a small sum.

The city of tents became, in less than a year, a city of well-built homes, and in less than twenty years (1907), Oklahoma, with Indian Territory, was admitted to the Union as a State.

Today there are two hundred thousand Indians on the different reservations; some living in wigwams,

others in well-built houses. They are still divided into tribes; but an Indian may become a citizen if he will leave his tribe and do as the white man does.

A few years ago the last of the Territories — Arizona and New Mexico — became states. At the close of the Revolution there were thirteen states; now there are forty-eight, and they extend in an unbroken block from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

Our country continued to grow not only in territory and population but in power and influence.



William McKinley

At the close of Mr. Cleveland's second term, in 1897, William McKinley of Ohio, the Republican candidate, became President.

There was now trouble with Spain. We remember that this country in the early period of discovery and conquest seemed to have distanced her rivals. Spain had laid the foundation of profitable colonies, and by

her explorations had a claim not only to North America but also to the southern continent. In time, however, she lost her advantages, and her rivals were more than a match for her.

But in the New World she still held Cuba and Porto Rico and governed them with a cruel hand as she had always governed her colonies. The Cubans had more than once tried to free themselves from the Spanish control; but now they rebelled more desperately than ever. Spain then sent an army to put down the rebellion. Many Cuban farmers took no part in the war, but these were driven from their homes by Spanish soldiers and imprisoned that they might not furnish food to the rebels. The Cubans were in a starving condition and the death-rate was terrible.

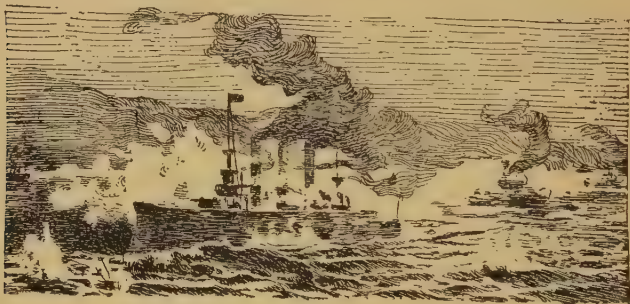
As Cuba is near the United States and many of our citizens have interests there, our country felt that she must interfere and not allow this harsh treatment and wholesale murder. However, it was a difficult problem to solve. We were friendly with Spain, and Mr. McKinley did not wish to offend a friendly nation. But he sent a warning, and the warning was not heeded; Spain's cruel treatment of her colony continued.

Then our President demanded the release of American prisoners in Cuba, and this Spain granted. Our government then sent the battleship *Maine* to Cuban waters to protect our interests. The ship was there only a short time when one night in February, 1898, it was blown to fragments, and the crew of more than two hundred and sixty men perished.

Soon after the destruction of the *Maine* the President

sent a message to Congress, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, the war in Cuba must stop." This was on April 11, 1898, and two weeks later Congress declared that the Cubans ought to be free, and war with Spain was begun.

The first blow was not long delayed. Commodore George Dewey had for some time been stationed with a squadron off the coast of China; and when he received



The "Brooklyn" at Santiago

a cablegram from the President, "You must capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the Philippine Islands," he headed direct for Manila. And there on May Day he destroyed the fleet without the loss of a man. He then blockaded Manila, and later when land forces arrived the Americans took the city, and Spanish rule in the East was at an end.

In the meantime a squadron under Admiral Sampson had blockaded the Cuban ports. It was thought that the Spanish Admiral Cervera would try to break the blockade, but he sailed into the harbor of Santiago on

the southern coast of Cuba. At the mouth of the harbor Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley watched and waited for the Spanish fleet. To prevent its escape a young officer, Lieutenant Hobson, with seven volunteers steamed into the harbor to sink the coal vessel *Merrimac* at a spot that would block the passage for Cervera. But the *Merrimac* did not sink quickly enough, and Hobson and his men were captured. Their bravery, however, won praise for them, even from the Spaniards.

A land attack was now planned under General Shafter. There were an army of regulars and three volunteer regiments. One of these regiments, commanded by Colonel Roosevelt, was an unusual band of men, and we know them as the Rough Riders. Some of them were from the Far West—hunters and ranchmen, cowboys and Indians; others were from the East—football-players and policemen, sons of rich men and graduates of universities. The Rough Riders were always in the thick of the fight, and they with the regulars, in a fierce attack, took Santiago.

At last the Spanish vessels in Santiago harbor, fearing capture from the besieging army, made an attempt to break through the American fleet. But our ships opened fire on them with terrible accuracy. As one Spanish vessel was sinking, an American crew started to cheer. "Don't cheer, boys," cried their captain, "the poor fellows are dying!" In a few hours every Spanish ship was a blackened wreck, and the fight was ended.

Not long after this Spain asked for peace, and on

February 6, 1899, a treaty was signed. By this treaty Spain gave up all claim to Cuba. She ceded to the United States Porto Rico and Guam, a little island in the Ladrones, and she gave our country the Philippine Islands for twenty million dollars.

Cuba is now a republic and has a President and Congress. Its constitution is modeled after that of the United States. Porto Rico and the Philippines were retained by our country.

During the war with Spain the Hawaiian Republic asked to be annexed to the United States, and in 1898 these islands became United States territory.

We have thus expanded our territory, and we have grown in population and influence, and today our country is one of the great world powers.

INVENTIONS, INDUSTRIES, AND EXPOSITIONS

Mr. McKinley was beloved by the people because of his pure life and generous heart. He was elected for the second term, but served only a few months when he was shot by an anarchist. Anarchists are persons who do not believe in law and order. Theodore Roosevelt, the Vice-President, then became President.

We know Colonel Roosevelt as the leader of the Rough Riders, in the Spanish War. When he was a boy he was fond of athletics. At eighteen years of age he entered Harvard College. Here he studied, and was recognized as a student who did his own thinking. Among his favorite studies was United States history.

At twenty-two years of age he was graduated from

College. Later, after studying law, he was elected to the New York legislature and served three terms.

He then went West and lived on a ranch and shared with the cowboys their hardships and dangers. He was impressed with the great westward movement and wrote a set of books on "The Winning of the West."

After the War with Spain he was made governor of



Theodore Roosevelt

New York, and later Vice-President of the United States, and in 1904 he was elected President by the Republican party.

While Mr. Roosevelt was President, the Panama Canal was begun. For years men had dreamed of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, thus connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. The United States by a treaty with the Republic of Panama, acquired complete ownership and control of the canal and of a strip of land ten miles wide. By this agreement our country agreed to pay Panama ten million dollars immediately and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually,

beginning nine years after the work is finished. It also agreed to keep the Canal open to the commerce of all nations.

The Panama Canal will shorten the sea route from our eastern coast to Asia. It will enable vessels to pass directly through from the Atlantic to the Pacific without sailing around Cape Horn.

Our government has promised to open the canal in 1915, but it will be completed before that time. In honor of this event the United States is preparing to hold an exposition in San Francisco, California, in 1915. It will be called the Panama-California Exposition.

In 1876 the Centennial Exhibition was held in Philadelphia in honor of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The old Liberty Bell which a hundred years before had proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, was on exhibition; but a crack in the bell told that it had sounded its last note.

Then, too, there were many interesting and beautiful things from different countries exhibited. Visitors from all parts of the world came to Philadelphia, and there they saw the wonderful progress that the United States had made in industry. The telephone had just been invented by Alexander Graham Bell, a teacher of the deaf and dumb in Boston. From an old cigar-box, two hundred feet of wire, and two magnets from a toy fish-pond, the first Bell telephone was made. It was improved and exhibited for the first time at the World's Fair in Philadelphia.

About this time also electric lights were invented by Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison was born in Ohio. His mother had been a teacher and conducted the early education of her son. At the age of nine the boy had read Hume's "History of England" and Gibbon's history of Rome.



Thomas A. Edison

When young Edison was eleven years of age he became a newsboy, and sold papers, magazines, fruits, and candies on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Before he was twelve years of age he began experimenting. He learned by himself the printing art, and before he was fifteen, he published a little paper — the *Weekly Herald*. He was its compositor, pressman, editor, publisher, and newsdealer. He spent his leisure moments in the Public Library in Detroit, and there he read intently.

It was while a newsboy on the railroad that he became interested in electricity, probably from visiting telegraph offices, and it was not long before he had mastered the Morse system of signals and became a railroad operator. All the while he was reading books on science and making experiments in electricity. And today Thomas Edison has a large laboratory at Menlo Park, Orange, New Jersey. He became the inventor of the incandescent light, the phonograph, the kinetoscope (moving picture machine), and we know him as the Wizard of Menlo Park.

From time to time our country has held expositions. After Philadelphia came the World's Fair in Chicago; and Atlanta, Buffalo, St. Louis, Seattle have each in turn been the place of a World's Fair. These Expositions tend to establish a friendly feeling between our country and other nations. Ten years after our Centennial Exhibition, France showed her good-will toward us by a gift of a statue — Liberty Enlightening the World. Liberty is represented as a woman holding a torch in her hand. She stands on a little island in New York harbor where arriving immigrants and returning travellers may see her as their ship enters the harbor, and at night her torch is lighted by electricity and can be seen for many miles.

A greater exhibition than that at Philadelphia was held at Chicago in 1893. Our country had made progress in industries since then, and she had more to show. This was the World's Columbian Exposition. It celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Foreign nations



Permission of Everybody's Magazine
A bit of the "White City"

as well as the United States erected buildings to exhibit their works. The enclosure containing seven hundred acres with its white buildings, beautiful in structure, was known as the White City, and at night when lighted by electricity it was indeed a fairyland.

The Exposition was opened by Mr. Cleveland who was then President. "We have built splendid edifices," he said, "but we have also built a great government. We have made and here gather together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and inventions, but we have also made men who rule themselves." He then pressed his finger upon the electric button on the table before him, and the exhibition was opened. The flags in front of the platform fell apart and revealed two gilded models of the ships in which Columbus first sailed to American shores. At the same moment hundreds of flags of all nations were unfurled within sight of the platform, and the largest was Old Glory. And then the band played "America," and the opening exercises were at an end.

Since the World's Fair at Chicago our country has held other expositions. The International Exposition at Atlanta in 1895 revealed what the new South had accomplished in arts and industries. The World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904 was the greatest of them all. It showed especially to the world the progress of the states west of the Mississippi.

These expositions have not only taught lessons in arts and industry, but they have strengthened the ties of sympathy between sections and have promoted better feeling between nations.

In 1903 the East was brought into closer contact with the West by the opening of the Pacific cable. It extends from San Francisco to Hawaii and from these islands to the Philippines, and there it joins a cable to China. Mr. Roosevelt, then President, sent the first message around the world — a distance of twenty-five thousand miles.



William Howard Taft

In 1908 William H. Taft of Ohio was elected President by the Republicans. His Democratic opponent was William J. Bryan of Nebraska. Mr. Bryan had been twice defeated by Mr. McKinley, and now he was defeated by Mr. Taft. Although Mr. Bryan has never been elected to the great office, he is one of the most prominent and popular men in America. He is a man of high character and vast numbers of persons are devoted to him.

Mr. Taft is a son of Judge Taft of Cincinnati, and was also himself a judge. Later he became governor of the Philippine Islands and then a member of the President's Cabinet. During his presidential term of four years the country was in a prosperous condition; a new

tariff law was enacted, and work on the great canal at Panama progressed rapidly.

In 1912 Mr. Taft was nominated by the Republicans for a second term, and the Democrats nominated Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, and formerly president of Princeton University. A third party



Woodrow Wilson

came into being at this time. It was called the Progressive party, and it named former President Roosevelt as its candidate.

The election came on November 5, and Governor Wilson was elected President. He was inaugurated on March 4, 1913. He is the second Democratic President since the Civil War; the other was Grover Cleveland.

We are indeed living in a great industrial age. Electricity is driving machinery, lighting our houses and streets. Steel is taking the place of wood in building material. Great mills have been erected in the West which grind the grain as fast as the farms can raise it. Air shafts and hoisting machinery enable

miners to work hundreds of feet below the surface. Farms have been made from dry lands by irrigation. Our government is giving attention to the preservation of our mines and forests. Floods in recent years tell us that we must not be wasteful of our forests, because they help to control the flow of water in rivers.

Along with the industrial progress we are making advances in education. Industrial and trade schools have been established. Universities and colleges are opening summer schools for those who cannot attend during the winter. There are more college graduates today than there were high school graduates in 1865. Nor must we forget the growth of the public libraries, the people's colleges, and the increase of publications — papers, magazines, and books.

With all this progress, however, there are difficult problems to solve. There are questions with regard to the great number of immigrants coming to our shores. There are difficulties to adjust between business corporations and labor unions. There are battles to fight against industrial frauds, child labor, impure foods, and dishonesty in politics.

But let each American do his part for honest government, and our country will continue to justify the presence of that beautiful statue at her gates, — Liberty Enlightening the World.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS FOR COMPOSITION AND DISCUSSION

CHAPTER I

Imagine and describe the Christmas season on Washington's plantation.

Write Washington's letter to the governors of the different states, urging them to work for a stronger government.

A delegate from the state of Connecticut tells what took place at the Convention in Philadelphia.

Why did North Carolina and Rhode Island not accept the Constitution when it was first adopted?

Give the Preamble of the Constitution.

Read "The Republic," from "The Building of the Ship," by Longfellow.

Read Bryant's "America."

A citizen of New York writes to a friend in Philadelphia, telling of Washington's inauguration.

Imagine and describe the conversation between two young girls who took part in the procession at Trenton.

Read "Washington," from Harriet Monroe's "Commemoration Ode."

Read Whittier's "The Vow of Washington."

Read "Crown Our Washington," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

Read "Under the Old Elm," by James Russell Lowell.

Debate on the question: Resolved, That the President's term of office should be more than four years.

How is the President elected?

Has the President to-day more members in his Cabinet than had Washington?

Reasons for celebrating Washington's Birthday.

Read Bryant's poem, "The Twenty-second of February."

Read "Washington's Birthday," by Margaret E. Sangster.

Debate on the question: Resolved, That foreign goods brought into our country should be taxed.

Eli Whitney describes his cotton-gin to a cotton planter.

Describe cotton-growing in the South to-day.

CHAPTER II

My visit to the city of Washington.

What I admire in the character of Thomas Jefferson.

Read "The Death of Jefferson," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

Write a page from the Journal of Captain Lewis, giving a description of the land explored.

Read Joaquin Miller's "Westward Ho!"

What I admire most in the character of Alexander Hamilton.

Write Captain Bainbridge's note to Commodore Preble.

What do you think happened to the *Intrepid*?

James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine.

In the invention of the steamboat, what credit belongs to John Fitch?

A spectator on the bank of the Hudson River describes the trial trip of the *Clermont*.

Tell of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

CHAPTER III

One of the *Chesapeake's* crew tells of his impressment.

Read Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, "Old Ironsides."

What I admire in the character of Captain Lawrence.

Perry's brother writes a letter to a friend in Rhode Island, telling of their escape to the *Niagara*.

A brave woman — Dolly Madison.

Learn "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The origin of our different national songs.

Read "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake.

Read "The Flower of Liberty," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The observance of Flag Day.

A comparison — Tecumseh and Wetherford.

The character of Andrew Jackson as a general.

What is being done to-day to promote international peace?

The observance of Peace Day.

CHAPTER IV

What I admire in the character of President Monroe.

Imagine and describe a ride on the "Good Intent," over the Cumberland Road.

Comparison — Henry Clay's schoolroom and my school-room.

To what did Henry Clay say that he owed his success in life?

Read Plutarch's "Lives of Great Men."

A citizen of New York writes a letter describing the reception given to Lafayette.

What I can learn from the boyhood of Daniel Webster.

Read Webster's "First Bunker Hill Oration."

Read Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, "Daniel Webster."

A ride on the *Seneca Chief*.

Read Joaquin Miller's poem, "Peter Cooper."

What I admire in the character of Peter Cooper.

A ride on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in 1830.

CHAPTER V

Why did Andrew Jackson's parents emigrate from Ireland?

How are immigrants admitted into our country to-day?

Are there any boys and girls in your school who have parents not born in America? If there are, from what countries do they come?

A comparison: the *Mayflower* with the Pilgrims and an ocean steamer to-day with immigrants.

Contrast present modes of travel with those of Andrew Jackson's time when he made his journey to Philadelphia.

What is civil-service reform?

A citizen from Massachusetts and a citizen from South Carolina debate on the question: Resolved, That there should be a high tax on manufactured articles from foreign countries.

A comparison: life on a Southern plantation and in a Northern manufacturing town.

Compare the life of the people in the North and the South as affected by geographic conditions.

What I admire in the life of Andrew Jackson.

Compare the size of our country before and after the purchase of Florida.

Did General Jessup do right in making Osceola a prisoner?

What has our Government done for the Indians? Where are they to-day?

What I admire in the character of Samuel Morse.

CHAPTER VI

Read "The Defense of the Alamo," a poem by Joaquin Miller.

Dr. Whitman's companion describes their journey to Washington.

Read "Whitman's Ride for Oregon," a poem by Hezekiah Butterworth.

Why I admire General Taylor.

Read "The Angels of Buena Vista," by John G. Whittier.

Compare the size of our country before and after the admission of the territory ceded by Mexico.

Describe our flag in the Mexican War; the number of stars and stripes.

Describe our flag to-day. What is the meaning of the colors?

Read "Our Colors," a poem by Laura E. Richards.

An emigrant from the East describes his digging for gold in California.

Read Washington Irving's "Story of Rip Van Winkle" and his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Read Cooper's "The Spy," "The Pilot," and "The Last of the Mohicans."

Read Bryant's "To a Waterfowl."

CHAPTER VII

What influence had the public library upon the life of Millard Fillmore?

What I owe the public library in my town.

Compare the industrial life of the pioneer days with that of to-day.

What different political parties exist to-day?

Why I admire Cyrus W. Field.

Read John G. Saxe's poem, "How Cyrus Laid the Cable."

Read "The Cable Hymn," by John G. Whittier.

What good effects and what bad effects resulted from the invention of the cotton-gin?

Why did the South favor slavery and why did the North oppose it?



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